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LOVE'S APPEAL.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"But human hearts, though strong in love,
Are weak, alas! to prove it;
And human hearts may never reach
The good our thought can covet."

When the brooks, in meadows low,
Burst their icy bonds asunder;
When the fields, where cowslips grow,
Glow again with golden splendor;
When spring croons with vernal flowers,
Valleys, hills and mossy grots,
Then, old friend, Love's magic powers
Send you many tender thoughts.

When broad fields of ripening grain
Lie outground like seas of gold;
When wild pinks—a crimson rain—
Stain the harvest skies unfold;
When white lilies swing their bells
In midsummer's perfumed eyes,
Then, old friend, Love's mystic spells
Glowing webs of fancy weaves.

When gay autumn's glorious prime,
Crowns with blue our native hills;
When a silvery thread of rime
Marks the course of babbling rills;
When the sun silwart the log,
Casts a mellow, flickering ray,
Then, old friend, I think that we,
Soon, like it, shall pass away.

When King Winter, stern and gray,
Chills you with a blast of rage;
When you strive to charm away
Pains that herald feeble age;
Then, perchance, you'll think of friends
Dead and buried neath the snow;
Then for coldness make excuse,
As we linger here below.

So, you see, old friend, that you
Hold the first fruits of my heart.
Do you prize them? Tell me true—
Shall we always stand apart?
Let us arose the chasm that lies
'Twixt us and Hope's brighter shore;
Answer, love, with Love's replies
Shield me, cheer me, evermore.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK III.

V. (CONTINUED.)

The streets of the Marais, black, narrow, in which a gas-jet blinks from distance to distance, cross each other, twist about each other, and at every instant, in that feverish search, she returned upon her steps. There was always something that placed itself between her and the river. However the gusty wind brought the damp coolness to her face. Truly one might say that the water drew back, surrounded itself with barriers, that thick walls, lofty houses put themselves purposely before death; but the little lame girl had good courage, and, upon the uneven pavements of the old streets, she walked, she walked.

Has anyone seen sometimes, on the evening of a hunting-day, a wounded young partridge flee in the hollow of a furrow? It sinks down, it crawls, drawing its bloody wing towards some shelter where it can die in peace. The hesitating step of that little shadow following the sidewalks, grazing the walls, gave exactly that impression. And to think that at that same hour, almost in the same quarter, another also wandered in the streets, waiting, watching, desperate! Ah, if they could have met! If she could have accosted that feverish passer, if she could have asked him her way!

"If you please, Monsieur, which is the road to the Seine?"

He would have recognized her immediately:

"How! Is that you, Mam'zelle Zizi? What are you doing abroad at such an hour?"

"I am going to die, Frantz. 'Tis you who have taken from me the desire to live!"

Then, all overcome, he would have seized her, clasped her, carried her away in his arms, saying:

"Oh, no; you must not die! I have need of you to console me, to cure me of all the evil that the other has heaped upon me!"

But this was the dream of a poet, one of those meetings which life does not know how to invent. It is much too cruel, that hard life! And when to save a human being so small a thing is sometimes necessary, it is very far from furnishing it! This is the reason that true romances are always so sorrowful.

Streets, still streets, then a square, and a bridge whose lights traced in the black water another luminous bridge. At last the river. The fog of this autumn evening humid and mild made her see all that Paris unknown to her in a confused grandeur which her ignorance of localities augmented still more. This was just the place in which to die.

She felt herself so little, so isolated, so lost in the immensity of this great city illuminated and deserted. It seemed to her already that she was dead. She approached the quay; and, suddenly, a perfume of flowers, of foliage, of fresh-turned earth arrested her for a moment in her passage.

OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

At her feet, upon the pavement which bordered the water, heaps of bushes encased in straw, pots of flowers in their covers of white paper were already ranged for the morrow's market. Enveloped in their shawls, their feet upon their hot stoves, the flower women rested in their chairs, overcome with sleep and the freshness of the night. The Queen Margarets of all orders, the rosedas, the autumn roses made fragrant the air, trained up in the moonlight with their slight shadows about them, transported, excited, awaiting the caprices of slumbering Paris.

Poor little Desiree! One might say that all her youth, her rare days of joy and her deceived love arose to her heart in the perfumes of this migratory garden. She walked softly in the midst of the flowers. Sometimes, a gust of wind made the bushes rustle one against the other like the branches of a forest, and at the edge of the pavements, baskets filled with uprooted plants exhaled an odor of moist earth.

She recalled the country trip on which Frantz had taken her. That breath of nature, which she had respired that day for the first time, she had found again at the moment of death. "Do you remember?" it seemed to ask her, and she responded inwardly: "Oh, yes, I remember!"

She remembered only too much. Arrived at the extremity of this quay bedecked as for a fete, the little furtive shadow stopped at the stairway which descended to the stand.

Almost immediately there were cries, a tumult all along the quay. "Quick, a boat, hooks!" Bargemen, *sergents de ville* ran from all directions. A labeur was immediately from the bank, a lantern at its prow.

The flower women awoke, and as one of them asked yawningly what had happened, the coffee woman seated on the ground at the angle of the bridge replied calmly:

"A woman has pitched herself into the water!"

Ah, well, no. The river did not want that child. It had pity on so much gentleness and grace. In the light of the lanterns which were shaken below upon the strand, a black group had formed, had got itself in motion. She was saved! Twas a gravel drawer who had taken her from the water. *Sergents de ville* were carrying her, surrounded by bargemen, fishermen, and in the darkness was heard a heavy, hoarse voice which chuckled out: "Behold a duck who gave me much trouble. You should have seen how she slipped through my fingers! I verily believe that she wanted to make me lose my reward." Little by little the tumult subsided, the curious dispersed, and whilst the black group went off towards a police station, the flower women returned to their slumbers, and upon the deserted quay the Queen Margarets shivered in the night wind.

Ah! poor girl, you believed that it was easy to depart from life, to disappear at a bound. You know not that instead of hearing you sprinkle to the oblivion which you sought, the river would set you back to all the shame, to all the abhorred nauseous. Ah, the *sergents de ville* were always there, full on deck. Just the saloon, the hideous station with its dirty benches, its floor on which the dampened dust seemed like the mud of the streets. Twas there that Desiree would have to finish her night. They had placed her upon a camp-bed before the stove replenished on her account, and the unhealthy heat of the cell made the poor drunkards who tapped at the end door with frightful oaths, the little lame girl heard and looked at all that vaguely, without understanding it.

Near her, a woman in rags, her hair over her shoulders, was squatted before the front of the stove, the red reflection of which could not color her haggard and wan face. 'Twas a lunatic taken up in the night, a poor creature who took her head med ically walls and did not cease repeating in a voice, without consciousness, and almost independent of the movement of her lips: "Oh, yes, misery, one might say. Oh, yes, misery, one might say." And this monster lamentation in the midst of the snoring of the sleepers made Desiree horribly sick. She closed her eyes that she might no longer see that wild visage which terrified her like the personification of her own despair. From time to time, the street door gaffle opened, the voice of a chief called out names, and two *sergents de ville* went away, whilst two others returned, throw themselves across the beds, fatigued at exhaustion of the watch who had not passed the night upon deck.

Finally day appeared with that great white coldness so cruel for invalids. An ashcord suddenly from her paper. Desiree sat up in her bed, threw off the cloak with which they had enveloped her, and, despite her fatigue and her fever, essayed to get upon her feet to create possession of herself and of her will. She had only one idea, to escape from all those eyes which would open around her, to go out from this frightful place in which sleep had such a heavy breath and such strange postures.

"Monsieur, I implore you," said she all of a tremble, "let me return to my mother."

Hardened as they were to pitiful distress, these good folks comprehended well that they were in the presence of something more elevated, more affecting than ordinary. Nevertheless they could not set take her home to her mother. It was requisite to appear before the Police Justice first. That was indispensable. They procured a coach out of pity for her, but she must go out from the station, and there was a crowd at the door to see the little lame girl pass with her damp hair glued to her temples and her cloak of serge which did not prevent her from shivering. At the magistrate's, they made her ascend a wet and nasty staircase on which came and went faces with a hang-dog look. Folding doors which the exigencies of the public service opened and closed at each instant, cold rooms, badly lighted, upon the benches silent people, filled with consternation, asleep, vagabonds, robbers, street-walkers, a table covered with old green baize at which was sitting "the Justice's dog," a tall demon with a head like a cheese pawn, in a threadbare overcoat, such was the place.

When Desiree entered, a man rose up from the darkness and came before her, stretching out his hand to her. 'Twas the man of the reward, her hideous savior for twenty five francs.

"Ah, ha, little mother!" said he with his cynical laugh and his voice which made one think of foggy nights upon the water, "how you it since our plunge?"

And he related to the assistants in what manner he had drawn her out of the river, that he had grasped her this way, then that way, and that without him she would have been surely in train to spin towards Konen between wind and water.

The unhappy girl was red with fever and with shame, so much confused that it seemed to her as if the water had left a veil over her eyes, a buzzing in her ears. At last she was introduced into a smaller apartment, before a solemn, decorated personage, Monsieur the Justice himself, in train to drink his *cafe au lait* and to read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

Whilst soaking a piece of bread, without lifting his eyes from his newspaper: "Ah! 'tis you," said he with a peevish air, and at once the brigadier who had brought Desiree began to read his report:

"At midnight less a quarter of an hour, at the quay of the Megisserie, before No. 17, the within named Delobelle, twenty four years of age, florist, residing in the Rue de Bisque, at the house of her parents, attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Seine from which she was recovered safe and sound by the Sieur Patcheminet, gravel-drawer, dwelling in the Rue de la Butte-Chaumont."

Monsieur the Justice listened, as he ate, with the calm and wearied air of a man whom nothing can astonish; at the end he lifted towards the within named Delobelle a wise and severe look, and sternly reprimanded her. "Twas very bad, 'twas very cowardly, that which she had done. What was it that could have driven her to that evil action? Why had she wished to destroy herself? Let us see, respond, within named Delobelle, why?

But the within named Delobelle had resolved not to respond. It seemed to her that it would be to pollute her love to avow it in such a place. "I know not—I know not!" said she in a low tone, trembling.

Touched, impatient, Monsieur the Justice declared that she should be returned to her parents, but on one condition, that was that she should promise never again to make another attempt.

"Do you promise me?"

"Oh! yes, Monsieur."

"You will never again make another attempt?"

"No! most positively, never again—never again!"

Despite her protestations, Monsieur the Justice of Police shook his head, as if he did not believe in her promise.

She was in the street, en route for home, for the refuge, but her martyrdom was not yet finished.

In the court, the policeman who accompanied her showed himself too polite, too amiable. She had the air of not understanding, drew herself away, withdrew her hand. What lecture! The most terrible thing was the arrival in the Rue de Bisque, the house full of anxiety, the curiosity of the neighbors that she had to submit to. Since morning, in fact, the entire quarter had been informed of her disappearance. The rumor ran that she had gone with Frantz Risler. At an early hour the illustrious Delobelle had been seen to go out, although for his cat on crosswise his ruffles rumpled, which was the sign of an extraordinary preoccupation, and the porter, on taking up the provisions, had found the poor mother half crazed, running from one room to another, searching for some word from her child, a trace, which however slight it might be, could lead her at least to a conjecture.

In the mind of that unhappy mother, a fatal light had shed itself all at once upon the attitude of her daughter during these last days, upon her silence in respect to the departure of Frantz. She had wept, my wife. I will bring her back. the father had said, going out, and since he had gone—as much to show herself as to withdraw herself from the spectacle of that great grief, she had done nothing but go and come from the landing to the window, from the window to the landing. At the least step upon the staircase, she opened the door with a beating heart, threw herself into the corridor, then, when she returned, the solitude of the little chamber, augmented still more by the empty great arm-chair of Desiree had turned towards the sewing table, made her burst into tears.

Suddenly a coach stopped below before the door. Voices, steps resounded in the house.

"Mame Delobelle, she is here! Your daughter is found again!"

It was really Desiree who ascended, pale, weak, in the arm of an unknown, without either shawl or cap, enveloped in a great brown cloak. On seeing her mother, she smiled on her with a little air almost silly.

"Do not be frightened, it is nothing," she

stirred to say, then she sank down upon the stairway. Never had Mother Delobelle believed herself so strong. To take her daughter, to bear her away, to put her to bed, all that was done in a flash of the hand, and she talked to her, she embraced her.

"At last 'tis you. From whence come you, unhappy child? Is it true, say, that you will be still resigned? I forgive you them, a very great grief? Why have you hidden it from me?"

On seeing her mother in this state, scalded with tears, grieved in a few hours, Desiree felt herself seized with an immense remorse. She thought she had departed without saying adieu to her, and that at the bottom of her heart she had accused her of not loving her.

Of not loving her!

"But I should have died in your death!" said the poor woman to her. "Oh! when I arose this morning and found that your bed was not disturbed, that you were not in the work-room either, I looked around and fell as if stone dead! Are you warm, now? Are you comfortable? You will not want to die any more, will you?"

And she tucked in the coverings, rewarmed her feet, took her upon her heart, to lull her.

At the foot of her bed, Desiree, her eyes closed, saw again all the details of her suicide, all the hideous things which she had passed on coming out from death. In the fever which redoubled, in the heavy sleep which began to seize upon her, her soul walk across Paris agonizing, tormented her still. Thousands of black streets thrust themselves before her, with the Seine at the extremity of each.

That horrible river, which she could not find during the night, pursued her now.

She felt herself all splashed with its slime, with its mud; and in the nightmare which oppressed her, the poor child, knowing no longer how to escape from the evil possession of her remembrances, said in a whisper to her mother: "Hide me—hide me—I am ashamed!"

VI.

SHE HAS PROMISED NOT TO MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Oh! no, she would not make another attempt. Monsieur the Justice might rest tranquil. There was no possibility that she would make another attempt. How could she in the first place go as far as the river, now that she could not stir from her bed? If Monsieur the Justice could have seen her at that moment, he would no longer have doubted her word. Certainly that willingness, his desire for death, so fatally written upon her pale face the other morning, were still visible in all her being, only they were softened, resigned. The whim named Delobelle knew that by waiting a little, a very little time, she would no more have anything to wish for. The phy sicians averred that it was inflammation of the lungs of which she was dying; she might have brought back that in her damp garments. The physicians were deceived; it was not inflammation of the lungs. Then was it her love which was killing her? No. Since that terrible night, she had thought no more of Frantz, she did not feel herself any longer worthy either of loving or of being loved. There was hence forward a strain upon her life so pure, and this was exactly of what she was dying.

Such one of the situations of the horrible drama was a blemish to her mind: her coming out of the water before all these men, her weary sleep in the station, the vulgar songs that she had heard there, the lunatic who had warmed herself in front of the stove, all that she had grazed that was vicious, unhealthy, wounding, on the stairway of the justice hall, and then the contempt of certain looks, the effrontery of others, the pleasantries of the savior, the gallantries of the police agent, all her feminine reserve forever destroyed, her name which she had been compelled to give, even to the torture of her infirmity which had pursued her in all the phases of that long martyrdom; life an irony, an additional ridicule to her suicide for love.

She was dying of shame. In the delirium of her nights, twas that which she repeated without ceasing: "I am ashamed—I am ashamed!" and in her moments of calm, she thrust herself under the coverings, drew them over her face, as if to hide or bury herself.

Close to Desiree's bed, in the light of the window, mother Delobelle worked whilst watching her daughter. From time to time she raised her eyes to observe stealthily that mute despair, that inexplicable malady, then she took up her work again very quickly, for 'tis one of the greatest afflictions of the poor not to be able to suffer at their ease. They must work without respite, and even when death wanders all around them, must think of the pressing exigencies, of the difficulties of life.

The rich can shut themselves up in their grief, they can roll in it, live in it, they need do but these two things: suffer and weep.

The poor have neither the means nor the right to act thus. Once there was, in the country, an aged woman who had lost in the same year her daughter and her husband, two bitter afflictions after the other; but there remained to her boys to bring up, a farm to conduct. From the dawn it was requisite to occupy herself, to suffice for all, to almost distinct works, scattered even in the fields at the distance of leagues. The sad widow said: "I have not a moment to weep during the week; but Sunday, Oh! Sunday I regain possession of myself." And, in truth, upon that day, whilst the children played without or took walks, she shut herself up double-locked, passed her afternoon in crying, sobbing, calling a few the solitary house the names of her husband and daughter.

Mother Delobelle had not even her Sunday. Think that she was the only one to work at present, that her fingers had not the marvellous address of the pretty hands of Desiree, that the medicines were dear, and that by nothing in the world would she have suppressed for the "father" one of his beloved habits. Thus, at whatever hour the invalid opened her eyes, she perceived her mother in the pale light of the early morning or under her night lamp, working, working without cessation.

When the curtains of her bed were closed, she heard the slight but sharp and metallic, of the scissors laid down upon the table.

This fatigue of her mother, this sleepless nese which perpetually kept company with her fever, was one of her sufferings. Sometimes that surmounted all the rest.

"Give me my work a little," said she striving to seat herself upon her bed. This was a burst of light in that darkness thicker each day. Mother Delobelle, who saw in this desire of the sick girl a willingness to take back her life, installed her as best she could, drew up the table. But the needle was too heavy, her eyes too feeble, and the least noise of a carriage rolling upon the pave, even according even to the windows, puzzled to Desiree that the street, the industrious street, was there close beside her, life, finally, she had not the strength to live. Ah! if she had been able to die at first, and then be born again. Without awaiting she was dying, and she surrounded herself little by little with a supreme re-nouncement. Between two needlefuls, the mother looked at her child always paler:

"Are you comfortable?"

"Very comfortable," responded the invalid with a little wounded smile which lighted up for a moment her delicious visage, and sheltered all the ravages upon it, as a sunbeam gliding into a house of the poor, instead of brightening it, sets forth more strongly all the nerves and privation. After which there were long silences, the mother not speaking for fear of weeping, the daughter stupefied with fever, already enveloped in those invisible nets with which death surrounds by a kind of pity those who are going, to vanquish that which remains to them of strength and to bear them away more softly, without revolt.

The illustrious Delobelle was never there. He had changed in nothing his existence of actor without employment. However, he knew that his daughter was dying; the abyss, then had swallowed him. This had been for him even a terrible shock, for at heart he loved his child well; but in that strange nature, the truest sentiments, the most sincere, took a false and little natural appearance, by that law which ordains that, when a shelf is awry, nothing that is placed upon it has ever the air of being posed straight. Delobelle had believed all to permeabling to spreading out his grief. He played the unfortunate fathers, from one end of the boulevard to the other. People met him in the approaches to the theatres, in the actors' cafes, his eyes red, his face pale. He loved to have asked of him: "Well, my poor old boy, how goes it at your house?" Then he drank his bock with a nervous movement; his grimaces kept back tears, his mouth impercations, and he stabbed the sky with a mute look, full of anger, as when he played his "Mendiant des Enfants;" but this did not prevent him for the rest from being filled with delicate attentions and cares for his daughter.

Thus he had acquired the habit, since she had been sick, of bringing to her flowers from his trips in Paris; and he did not content himself with ordinary flowers, with those humble violets which bloom at all the corners of the streets for slender purses. He would have, in those melancholy days of Autumn, roses, pinks, above all white camellias, which often figure in the work house, of which the flowers, the stalk and the leaves are of the same greenish white, as if Nature in her haste had limited herself to one uniform color.

"Oh! 'tis too much—'tis too much—I will be angry!" the little invalid said each time, on seeing him enter triumphantly his bouquet in his hand, his head assumed such a grand seigneur-like air as he responded: "Permit me then—permit me then—" that she did not dare to insist.

Nevertheless, it was a great expense, and the mother had so much trouble to gain the livelihood of all.

So far from complaining, Mother Delobelle found this very fine on the part of her great man.

That contempt for money, that superb carelessness filled her with admiration; and more than ever she believed in the genius, in the theatrical future of her husband.

He also preserved, in the midst of these events, an unalterable confidence. Nevertheless he came very near having his eyes at last opened to the truth. A little more and a small, burning hand, posing itself upon that solemn and illusioned skull, had driven out the May bug that had buzzed there for so long. This was how it happened:

One night, Desiree awoke with a start in a very singular state. It is necessary to say that in the evening the physician, on coming to see her, had been greatly surprised to find her suddenly revived and calmer, with all her fever departed. Without explaining to himself the reason of this unlooked-for resurrection, he had gone away saying, "Let us wait," trusting to those prompt leaps of youth, to that force of blood which often grafts a new life upon the very symptoms of death. If he had looked under Desiree's pillow, he would have found there a letter bearing the stamp of Cairo, which was the secret of this happy change. Four pages, signed by Frantz, all his conduct explained and confessed to his dear little Zizi.

Twas just the letter dreamed of by the sick girl. She might herself have dictated it as all the words which could touch her heart, all the delicate excuses which could soothe her wounds, could not have been more completely expressed. Frantz repeated, asked pardon, and, without promising her anything, without demanding anything of her either, related to his dear friend his struggles, his remorse, his sufferings. He grew indignant against Sidonie, begged Desiree to distrust her, and, with a sweetness which his former passion rendered clairvoyant and terrible, he spoke to her of that nature at once perverse and superficial, of that splendid voice well made for lying, and which was never betrayed by an accent of the heart, for it came from the head, like all the passionate bursts of that Parisian doll.

What a misfortune that this letter had not arrived a few days sooner! Now all these good words were for Desiree like those delicious dishes which are brought too late to those who have fasted for a long time, who wants them, but has no longer the strength to taste them. All the day, the invalid reread her letter. She drew it out of the envelope, and kissed it with ardor enough; and with her eyes closed saw it still all entire, even to the color of the stamp. Frantz had thought of her! That alone had brought her a sweet calm in which she fell asleep with the impression of a friendly arm which should have sustained her feeble head.

Suddenly she awoke, and in an extraordinary condition. 'Twas a feebleness, an anguish of all her being, something inexpressible. It seemed to her that she no longer held on to life but by a stretched thread, another hair, the snapping point of which the nervous vibration gave to all her senses a fineness, a supernatural acuteness. It was night. The chamber in which the lamp burned but dimly, given her by parents' chamber, more airy, more spacious than her little alcove—found itself half in the darkness. The night-lamp made whirl round on the ceiling a luminous circle, that sort of melancholy Great Bear which occupies the sleeplessness of sick people; and upon the work-table, the lowered light, limited by the reflector, illuminated only the scattered work and the silhouette of Mother Delobelle asleep in her arm-chair.

In Desiree's head, which seemed to her lighter to carry than usual, there had sprung up all at once a great coming and going of thoughts, of remembrances. All the far-off times of her life appeared to return to her. The least facts of her infancy, scenes that she had not comprehended then, words heard as in a dream, represented themselves to her mind.

The child was astonished at this without being frightened. She knew not that before the grand annihilation of death, one has often thus a moment of strange augmentation of mental activity, as if the whole being had sharpened its faculties and its forces in a final unconscious struggle.

From her bed she saw her father and her mother, the last beside her, the first in the work-room the door of which had been left open. Mother Delobelle was stretched out in her arm-chair with the abandon of long weariness finally listened to; and all those sons, those great salve-strokes with which she had suffering mark aged visages, appeared sounding and ineffacable in that detention of sleep. During the day the will, the preoccupations put themselves like a veil upon the true expression of faces; but the night gives them back to themselves. At that moment, the deep wrinkles of the tissue-hearted woman, the reddened eyelids, the hair little and white as the temples, the dryness of those poor hands tortured with work, all was visible, and Desiree saw all. She could have wished to be strong enough to get up and kiss that dear tranquil forehead which the wrinkles furrowed without blemishing.

As contrast, through the half-opened door, the illustrious Delobelle appeared to his daughter in one of his favorite attitudes. Three-quarters seated before the little white cloth of his supper table, he was eating whilst looking over a pamphlet leaned before him upon a decanter. The great man had just returned—the sound of his step had even awakened the invalid—and all agitated yet by the memories of his part, by the representation, he supped alone, gravely, solemnly, wrapped in his new overcoat, his napkin at his chin, his locks kept in place by a little turn of the curling-iron.

For the first time in her life, Desiree remarked that striking lack of harmony between her thin mother, scarcely clothed in her shabby black, who made her appear still more meagre and more sad, and her contented father, well-fed, idle, calm, thoughtless. At a glance of the eye she comprehended the difference of the two existences. That circle of habits, in which children finish by no longer seeing very clearly, their eyes becoming accustomed to its particular light, had vanished for her. At present she judged her parents from a distance, as if insensibly she was going further away from them. 'Twas still a torture, that clairvoyance of the final hour. What would become of them when she should be no longer there? Either her mother would toil too much and die without attaining her object; or else the poor woman would be obliged to cease from all work, and her selfish companion, always preoccupied with his theatrical ambition, would let them both glide little by little into great poverty, that black cavern which enlarges, deepens in proportion as one descends.

Nevertheless he was not an evil man. He had proved it to them many times. There was there only an immense blindness which nothing had been able to drive away. And if she had died, if by a miracle she departed—something said to her that it would be soon—if before she departed she tore off the thick bandage which this poor man had kept voluntarily and by force upon his eyes?

A light, burning like hers, could alone try that operation.

She alone had the right to say to her father:

"Gain your livelihood! Renounce the theatre!"

Then, as the time pressed, Desiree Delobelle armed herself with all her courage and called softly:

"Papa—papa!"

At the first call of his daughter, the great man ran to her very quickly. There had been that evening a "first night" at the Ambigu, and he had returned from it inflamed, electrified. The lights, the *claque*, the conversations in the lobbies, all those excitations of life which he preserved his folly, had left him more illusioned than ever.

He entered Desiree's chamber, glowing and superb, his finger in his hand, very straight, a camelia in his button-hole.

"Good evening, Zizi. You are not asleep then?"

And his words had a joyous intonation which resounded singularly amid the sad surroundings.

With her hand, Desiree made him a sign to be quiet, pointing out to him Mother Delobelle asleep.

"Put down your lamp. I have something to say to you."

Her voice struck him, checked by emotion; and her eyes struck him also, wider opened, lighted by a penetrating look which he had never seen in them.

A little intimidated, he approached her, his camelia in his hand to offer to her, his mouth *en petite pomme*," with a creaking of new shoes which he found very aristocratic. All his pose was evidently confused; and that was occasioned without doubt by the too great contrast existing between the auditorium of the theatre, illuminated and noisy, which he had just quitted, and that little sick chamber in which the subdued sounds, the lowered lights swooned in a feverish atmosphere.

"What is the matter with you, Bichette? Are you worse?"

A movement of Desiree's little pale head answered that she felt herself sick indeed, and that she wished to talk to him alone, close. When he had reached the bolster of her bed, she laid her burning hand upon the arm of the great man and whispered very low in his ear. She was very sick, altogether sick. She understood well that she had not much longer to live.

"Then, father, you will find yourself all alone with mamma. I tremble like that. You well knew that this would come, that it was even very near. I am only going to say to you—myself gone, I greatly regret to leave you—that is enough; and with her eyes closed saw it still all entire, even to the color of the stamp. Frantz had thought of her! That alone had brought her a sweet calm in which she fell asleep with the impression of a friendly arm which should have sustained her feeble head.

Suddenly she awoke, and in an extraordinary condition. 'Twas a feebleness, an anguish of all her being, something inexpressible. It seemed to her that she no longer held on to life but by a stretched thread, another hair, the snapping point of which the nervous vibration gave to all her senses a fineness, a supernatural acuteness. It was night. The chamber in which the lamp burned but dimly given her by her parents' chamber, more airy, more spacious than her little alcove—found itself half in the darkness. The night-lamp made whirl round on the ceiling a luminous circle, that sort of melancholy Great Bear which occupies the sleeplessness of sick people; and upon the work-table, the lowered light, limited by the reflector, illuminated only the scattered work and the silhouette of Mother Delobelle asleep in her arm-chair.

In Desiree's head, which seemed to her lighter to carry than usual, there had sprung up all at once a great coming and going of thoughts, of remembrances. All the far-off times of her life appeared to return to her. The least facts of her infancy, scenes that she had not comprehended then, words heard as in a dream, represented themselves to her mind.

The child was astonished at this without being frightened. She knew not that before the grand annihilation of death, one has often thus a moment of strange augmentation of mental activity, as if the whole being had sharpened its faculties and its forces in a final unconscious struggle.

From her bed she saw her father and her mother, the last beside her, the first in the work-room the door of which had been left open. Mother Delobelle was stretched out in her arm-chair with the abandon of long weariness finally listened to; and all those sons, those great salve-strokes with which age and suffering mark aged visages, appeared sounding and ineffacable in that detention of sleep. During the day the will, the preoccupations put themselves like a veil upon the true expression of faces; but the night gives them back to themselves. At that moment, the deep wrinkles of the tissue-hearted woman, the reddened eyelids, the hair little and white as the temples, the dryness of those poor hands tortured with work, all was visible, and Desiree saw all. She could have wished to be strong enough to get up and kiss that dear tranquil forehead which the wrinkles furrowed without blemishing.

As contrast, through the half-opened door, the illustrious Delobelle appeared to his daughter in one of his favorite attitudes. Three-quarters seated before the little white cloth of his supper table, he was eating whilst looking over a pamphlet leaned before him upon a decanter. The great man had just returned—the sound of his step had even awakened the invalid—and all agitated yet by the memories of his part, by the representation, he supped alone, gravely, solemnly, wrapped in his new overcoat, his napkin at his chin, his locks kept in place by a little turn of the curling-iron.

For the first time in her life, Desiree remarked that striking lack of harmony between her thin mother, scarcely clothed in her shabby black, who made her appear still more meagre and more sad, and her contented father, well-fed, idle, calm, thoughtless. At a glance of the eye she comprehended the difference of the two existences. That circle of habits, in which children finish by no longer seeing very clearly, their eyes becoming accustomed to its particular light, had vanished for her. At present she judged her parents from a distance, as if insensibly she was going further away from them. 'Twas still a torture, that clairvoyance of the final hour. What would become of them when she should be no longer there? Either her mother would toil too much and die without attaining her object; or else the poor woman would be obliged to cease from all work, and her selfish companion, always preoccupied with his theatrical ambition, would let them both glide little by little into great poverty, that black cavern which enlarges, deepens in proportion as one descends.

Nevertheless he was not an evil man. He had proved it to them many times. There was there only an immense blindness which nothing had been able to drive away. And if she had died, if by a miracle she departed—something said to her that it would be soon—if before she departed she tore off the thick bandage which this poor man had kept voluntarily and by force upon his eyes?

A light, burning like hers, could alone try that operation.

She alone had the right to say to her father:

"Gain your livelihood! Renounce the theatre!"

Then, as the time pressed, Desiree Delobelle armed herself with all her courage and called softly:

"Papa—papa!"

At the first call of his daughter, the great man ran to her very quickly. There had been that evening a "first night" at the Ambigu, and he had returned from it inflamed, electrified. The lights, the *claque*, the conversations in the lobbies, all those excitations of life which he preserved his folly, had left him more illusioned than ever.

He entered Desiree's chamber, glowing and superb, his finger in his hand, very straight, a camelia in his button-hole.

"Good evening, Zizi. You are not asleep then?"

And his words had a joyous intonation which resounded singularly amid the sad surroundings.

With her hand, Desiree made him a sign to be quiet, pointing out to him Mother Delobelle asleep.

"Put down your lamp. I have something to say to you."

Her voice struck him, checked by emotion; and her eyes struck him also, wider opened, lighted by a penetrating look which he had never seen in them.

A little intimidated, he approached her, his camelia in his hand to offer to her, his mouth "*

TEA-ROSE.

Deep-folded flower, for me your race
Bears what no kindred blooms have borne,
That gleam in memory's vistas—
A charm, a chastity, a grace
Immortal roses have not worn,
Of all your lovely sisters!

Half-tinged like some dim-yellow peach,
Half like a shell's pink inward whorl!
That night it's sea home after,
Your swampy oval had lost much
This outer petal blushward curl,
Like a young child's lip in laughter!

And yet no mirthful trace we see;
Rather the grave, and even repose
Of spotless resignation.
Such you sometimes seem unto me to be
(If one might say it of a rose)
In passive meditation!

Ah! how many saintly words express
This placid sisterhood you shed,
Delicate, vague, unspoken?
As though some rich propitiation,
In some old garden of the past,
Had had her young heart broken!

RACHEL BROWN'S
MEMORIAL.

A Story of Marriage and Divorce.

BY E. E. ENGLE.

(This story was commenced in No. 36, Vol. 86. Back numbers can always be obtained).

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE A CONTRACT.

The fact suddenly appeared to Carson that Bostwick was a rich man; that besides his great farm he had a bank balance of over five thousand dollars and had just closed a large stock sale which netted him another five thousand. Gideon at once became uneasy in his movements; he was restless and unsettled in every purpose except the one to secure control of Caleb's money, or as much of it as possible. To this end his scheming brain was set to work.

One evening some time after, he opened his plans for his wife's inspection, as usual:

"Wife, I'm getting desper't. I'm bound to have money. I have to have it and I will! There's a deal more to 'tend to in this world mor'n bread'n dinner I say, an' where a fellow can git money honest, I say it's all right; an' what's lawful's honest. Now Amelier can injoy herself here as well as she can with Calep, an' we're her own flesh an' blood, I can use her money as well as Caleb can. I've a money-making scheme in view an' I'm going to have Amelier's money to carry it out. Caleb won't trust me an' he can't live with a child o' mine. I'm goin' to fetch Amelier home an' not her alone but a purty sum o' money with her. I've borrowed the statutes an' Macdonah's Treatise from squire Borbon an' I find I've got the law on my side. Marriage is a contract the law plainly says, an' if one party breaks a contract the other is free. It is the same as if should go into partnership with Browning and shouldn't like the business, it is honorable to go out. Ef I can make anything in the transaction ef's my good luck. An' it's the same in this. Calep an' Amelier's partners, Amelier will be happy with us—I can use her money to better advantage than he can. So they shall part, an' I shall have Amelier's money. I can git it an' *will!*" Mr. Carson put on his hat and went out into the cool night air.

Caleb Bostwick's business called him away from home a great deal of the time, and in the course of a conversation Amelia mentioned this to her father. In a moment Gideon saw his opportunity.

"Oh, father!" moaned Amelia, "don't say that to me!"

"But I must protect you, child."

Amelia buried her face in her hands and was rocked to and fro for a minute by the tempest that had gathered and burst so suddenly within her bosom; then looking up, her face pale, but her eyes glaring she said:

"What is it father? I want to hear all. I must acknowledge that I have half way suspected this, but the reality is terrible, terrible!"

"Only this," said Gideon with a sneer, "your *devoted husband* is courting a woman you never saw. He has already set measures on foot to get a divorce from you and turn you upon the world penniless. This I *know to be true!*" this last with his face close to hers.

As Carson spoke, hard lines gathered in Amelia's countenance; a dark shadow settled about her that was never dispelled. It was the hate born that moment in her heart and sent thrilling through her whole body. From that moment Amelia was a changed woman. Gideon saw the work he had done and shuddered.

"Amelier, you mustn't act rash. One imprudent step will throw you on the world without a penny. But if you act as I tell you, you may be a rich lady."

"Let it be as you like. Oh, I am so——" and Amelia groaned deeply.

Gideon was frightened at her voice, but he said after a pause.

"We must *work* him, child. Of course you have been blinded by'ed the man you can't feel as I do about him. I hate him because he has ruined my darling! I could stab him to the heart, but that won't do, I'll be revenged on him though! I'll ruin the man! I'll hold him up before the world and show them what an ugly reptile he is! Amelier, I'll tell you what he shall do; he shall add to his crime by driving you out of your own house! Do you hear that child?"

Amelia only groaned.

"My child, I cannot think of leaving you here with this man long; but there is a sore trial in wait for you; he will take your boy!"

"Freddie?" cried the mother, looking towards the corner where the bright little fellow was playing with a set of building blocks, but then she saw in every lineament his father, and her heart sank again.

"Oh, Caleb!" her sore heart cried out, "would you kill me too?"

Then turning away from the boy she said, with tearless eyes, "Yes, he may keep his boy, I cannot live with a perjured man."

"Your statement here may be so, for two weeks, as if nothing had happened, by the end of that time he will drive you out of his house, and then, oh, my poor, heart-broken child, come home to us and may God make you happy again under our protection."

My wife looks over my shoulder and says, "Amelia does not act like a mother; a mother could not give up her child like that."

I am happy to say that my wife knows nothing of what Amelia's feelings were; neither do you unless you have experienced them; such feelings are not to be described. Besides Amelia was not like most women. Reared in the house of a scheming father she could not trust as other women can.

How, then, when her father had spoken so affectionately, could she disbelieve him? She had seen cause to complain of Caleb's neglect; here was the secret of it!

Yet after she had thought more of it—after her womanly wrath had in a measure cooled, she saw how terrible it would be to leave Freddie, her child—leave him forever to the care of a brutalised father and a vicious step-mother. Oh, God! she would take this innocent boy in her arms and leap into the river that ran so temptingly near, drowning forever her terrible sorrow and her boys's fearful doom.

As she thought her terror grew so great that she called for her horse and rode to her father's house.

"Father, is there no escape for me? Must I leave my boy forever to a fate that is worse than death? Can not I flee with him?" she cried as she met her father.

"I wish to Moses you could escape, Amelier, but it is not the best way. You need a plan would ruin you. The law has no soul to damn, or it would have been damned long ago. A woman has no chance if she does not track the law; if she touches the law everything is bare. No, no, Amelier, leave the child with him awhile, Caleb'll give him up easy enough if he finds you don't want him."

He talked to her an hour and when at the end of that time she rode homeward she was fixed in her purpose, however miserable it might make her, she would leave Caleb when he told her to go—leave him and happiness forever.

One evening, a few days subsequent to this, Caleb came home late as usual and in an ill humor; something had gone unusually wrong that day. As he opened the door of the sitting-room to enter he plainly saw a man hastily go out at another door. Amelia was sitting by the fire, sewing.

"What man was that went out so hastily?" asked Caleb, in a rough voice.

Amelia blushed and stammered, "Sarah."

"Amelia Bostwick!" cried the enraged husband, "you are not telling me the truth. I saw a man pass out at that door so hastily that his coat-tail caught on the latch. It's the first man I've seen hereabouts lately, what does it mean?" Caleb Bostwick was mad or he would never have spoken so; but Amelia's blood was up, and she fairly hissed.

"It means, Caleb Bostwick, that you are *jealous!*"

"Woman, you lie!" thundered Caleb, clenching his fist as if to strike her, while his eyes flashed in such a manner as to put the lie upon his own lips.

A moment of painful silence followed during which every muscle in Caleb's body was contracted to its utmost tension, his eyes flamed and his lips were purple with the rage that could not find vent in words, while Amelia glared on him, her very face shining with scorn.

"How can you charge me with unfaithfulness—you, whose name is on every tip in connection with the most sickening of scandals?" said Amelia, in a hoarse voice.

"Woman, leave me! Make ready to go out of this house to-morrow forever! Oh, Lord!" groaned Caleb, sinking down upon his knees beside a chair.

"I shall go to-night, Mr. Bostwick," said Amelia with aggravating calmness, hurriedly preparing to go.

Caleb eyed his wife madly with blood-shot eyes for a moment then turned away and with a groan, hid his face in his hands.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. ALLISTON'S FAMILY.

"Heard the news, Mary?" asked Mr. Alliston, coming into the bright parlor where his wife and eldest child Abby sat before the fire, the former engaged in sewing and the latter reading aloud from a new book. Of course the reading stopped when Mr. Alliston entered and the lady addressed said:

"Why, no; what is it?"

"Caleb Bostwick and his wife's parted!"

"Conrad Alliston!" exclaimed the wife in blank astonishment.

"It's so; I saw Carson to-day and he told me all about it."

"Well, it's hard telling what the world will come to next! How was it brought about? I thought they were so fond of each other, and there's their baby! Oh, dear me!"

"Carson says Bostwick is courting another woman," answered Mr. Alliston with a significant smile.

"Bostwick? I've always heard of him as an honorable man!"

"So have I. Of course we must make some allowance for what Carson says. There is generally two sides to the best story."

"True; it is very easy to think of one's own wrongs, forgetting those of others; but I am astonished to hear of this; I wonder how Mrs. Bostwick seems?"

"Carson says she's heart-broken. He says Bostwick accused her of some imprudence to cover his own shame."

"I suppose it is like so many family quarrels, sprung out of nothing, to end in misery. People interested to lose their senses under certain circumstances. I am of Rachel Brown's opinion, something outside is a good deal to blame. Poor Amelia Bostwick! She was so beautiful and seemed so happy," said Mrs. Alliston, with a sigh.

"What will become of the baby?" asked Abby, who had till now been silent but deeply interested.

"Mr. Carson says Caleb will keep him," said Mr. Alliston.

"He was born to misfortune," sighed Mrs. Alliston.

"Well," said Mrs. Alliston presently, "Mrs. Bostwick of course has the sympathy of everybody; a woman is dependent; a man can get along by himself."

"No, the neighbors are taking sides. People must take sides you know. Some are for Caleb and some for his wife. There is considerable excitement about the matter."

At that moment Ned and Lily came storming in from the kitchen where they had been playing, and the conversation was turned. It will never do to let children into the neighborhood scandals you know, and yet somehow they always get into them; but parents must do their duty of course.

Up to this time the reader has seen very little of the Alliston family; but now that the reader is thoroughly connected with the remainder of this story, it is well that we explain a little.

Conrad Alliston was a man of goodly appearance and agreeable habits, perhaps forty years of age, who was esteemed in his neighborhood and respected in his county, having for two or three terms represented the county in which he lived in the Legislature. As a family man I can say no more of him than that he was beloved and trusted by his wife and children.

Mrs. Alliston was one of the most amiable wives with which it is ever a man's good fortune to be blessed; and more, she was intelligent and hands me.

Abby was perhaps fourteen at that time. She was a thoughtful and intellectual girl, much given to study and self-culture. Ed. and Lily were ten and six—bright, romping children, of whom the parents were justly proud.

The home of the Allistons was fancifully called "The Nest," on account of its pretty location on the summit of a knoll surrounded by a well arranged border of evergreens. "The Nest" was well known and quoted all over the country, and Mr. Alliston's opinion was the basis of the ordinary transactions of his neighbors. Just below them and in full view though a mile away was Hopeville, and the Nest was often the subject of good friendly quakers, among whom and prominent in the affections of the Allistons was the Brown family. Two miles beyond and on the same road lived Gideon Carson, who has already figured largely in this story, and still another mile beyond lived Caleb Bostwick.

The reader has now as fair an idea of the household as will benefit him in the perusal of what follows, and we will return to the sitting-room at the "Nest."

Ned had gained permission and was sitting on a mat on the corner of the hearth cracking hickory nuts. Lily stood between her father's knees picking out the sweet kernels with the little blade of her father's knife, occasionally putting an extraordinarily fine bit into his mouth.

Lily was a chatterbox. She kept her tongue rattling all the time whether any one listened to her or not.

"There's some visitors what comes to see my mother and papa, I like, and some I don't like," she was saying.

"Well, I don't believe your mother cares whether you like 'em or not," put in Ned.

"Nobody said nothing to you, sassbox, crack your hickory nuts. I've got one 'at said half cracked. Now, I like Rachel; when she comes mother don't mind about puttin' on the pinkey plates, which I'm afraid o' breakin' 'em little—things! An' when Rachel's here I git to eat at the first table."

"That's what you always think about," said Ned, and mashed his finger with the hammer in his haste.

"Goody! I was'nt talkin' to you. Here Papa's a big one," putting a fine sweet kernel into his mouth. But Mr. Alliston was thinking of something else, and said nothing, and Lily continued from where she left off.

"An' Rachel, when she's here she says ther' and thou just as nice, and laughs, and calls me little Duck; an' we don't have to take teetie, weenty bites, an' eat so long. But when lawyer Clark he come, mother put on the pink plates an' the jelly, an' I didn't hardly get to eat to the first table, only when I told mother I'd take teetie weenty bites, no bigger'n that," exhibiting a very diminutive bit of kernel, "an' mother said I might if I wouldn't ask for pie nor jelly till it was given to me, an' I said I would'nt. But, law-see! Ned, Lawyer Clark just took great bites, an' stretched his eyes when he swallowed, and got his mustach in his coffee and sucked it!—he can't like a pig. Papa's another awful nice bite. Say, Ned, was you here that time Mr. Carson was here?"

"No, but I guess I've seen him."

"Well, haint he got the funniest thing on his face you ever saw? It looks just like somebody had bit him."

"O, Lily, that's a mole!"

"Mole on the cheek,
Money by the——"

no, that ain't it either.

"Mole on the neck,
Money by the peck!"

"I don't know what 'mole on the cheek' is, but I know something 'at you don't!" said Ned.

"What, now?"

"Why—how'd you like for your mother to run off and leave you, like Freddie Bostwick's mother has run off from home?"

The eyes of the parents met, and a smile passed between them. I suppose it meant, "Keep anything from a child, will you?"

"I can," said Mrs. Alliston, in answer to Ned's question.

"Well, haint that a funny way o' doing?"

"Little boys should not speak of such things very positive may be when they are older they will think differently," was the mother's mild reply.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. CARSON'S INDIGNATION.

Early the next morning there was a visitor at the "Nest." The visitor was Gideon Carson. Lily slipped up behind Ned who sat on the opposite side of the fireplace from her father's knees.

"Taint a mole, Ned, just lookee; its got hairs a-growin' out of it. Its a scab, that's what it is?" But Ned hurried out into the kitchen to get away. Lily took his chair and sat contemplating the interesting scab.

Meantime Gideon had passed the usual compliments with Mr. Alliston, and after warming his long, lank hands over the blazing fire (in frightful danger of singing the hairs off, Lily thought,) he entered upon the business of the morning.

"Mr. Alliston, I believe people in trouble always comes to you for advice."

"Well, my neighbors have honored me by asking my advice in some things, not because there are not others more competent to advise than I am, but because of friendship, I suppose," answered Mr. Alliston, with a modest smile.

Mr. Carson smiled through his white, closed teeth, and Lily thought the mole twisted comically.

"You are very modest, Mr. Alliston, and we will not discuss that question now. I am in trouble, and you must help me out," said he.

"Now he will tell about that scab, sure and certain," said Lily to herself, nodding gravely.

"Certainly; if I can help you any I am at your service, Mr. Carson," said Mr. Alliston.

"I spoke to you yesterday about my trouble," began Carson, rubbing his stubby beard with his left hand; "how Bostwick had disgraced his family and mine by driving his wife off o' the place. But to-day I have to tell you that he has gone further; he has took advantage of the court that will set soon, and applied for a divorce—the notice was served on my heart-broken child yesterday while I was away. You don't know how this pains me, Mr. Alliston; and Gideon strained his rather large intelligent eyes, and stroked his cheek mournfully.

Lily was certain he meant the scab, as he passed his fingers over it so tenderly, and her little heart ached in sympathy.

"Indeed you have my sympathy," said Mr. Alliston, it is a sad circumstance, and must distress you very much; but I hope the law will not be done that can be under the circumstances."

"O, yes," sighed Carson, "but I was so in hopes—indeed I was—that it would be cleared up, though it would be hard to let my child live with such a villain; but it's an awful disgrace in my eyes—this partin'; it is, *positive*."

"Mr. Bostwick had made a good start in life. He was fast becoming a popular and useful man. Besides, he had a nice family. I have often heard him speak proudly of his boy."

"Humph! a wolf might do the same—if he could talk—but I am excited, Mr. Allison; I hope you will look over anything I may say, but I expected so much of Caleb, I did, positive," said Gideon.

"It was a sad, sad step, Mr. Carson; there must be a great deal of suffering result from it. I truly sympathize with you," said Mr. Alliston.

"I may be desper't," said Carson, after a moment's thought, "but I think that a man who will drive his wife away from home should be sent to the penitentiary and his money given to the injured wife; even that would'nt pay her."

"One can scarcely look for pay in such a transaction," said Mr. Alliston, with a smile.

"O, no, of course not; but the man has it all in his own hands. There's Amelier disgraced! Some people have the audacity to sympathize with Caleb! Some people are so blind they won't see, you know," said Carson.

"Well, Mr. Carson, I think that when every one comes to find out the truth they will give their sympathy where it belongs."

"I hope so," said Carson sadly.

A silence ensued during which Lily's brain was active; not in sympathy particularly with the sorrowing man but in determining whether "that thing on Mr. Carson's cheek was a mole or scab."

"Well, now, Ned what makes a mole," said the little lady as she flitted out of the room.

"Well, what I wanted to ask you is this," resumed Carson, "of a woman is driven away without cause by her husband, can't she force a division of his property for her support?"

"I think so," answered Mr. Alliston.

"Well," continued Mr. Carson; "she can recover enough to support her as comfortable as the husband was able to support her at the time of the separation, can't she?"

"I am not certain as to that, but I believe such is the case; "you would do well to consult a better lawyer than I am, Mr. Carson."

"You are very kind, Mr. Alliston. I have learned all I wanted to. I only wish the law was more generous. Poor, wronged Amelier! The pittance she will git is dearly bought. I must go, however, Mr. Alliston. I have considerable business to see to; so I bid you good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Carson."

CHAPTER IX.

MORE SCHEMES.

As Gideon Carson mounted his horse at the gate in front of the "Nest," he looked all around over the goodly estate and coveted it. He smiled as he pictured himself in Mr. Alliston's place. Even in his thoughtful way he was occupying Mr. Alliston's seat at the State House.

"Well, well," he sighed, as the dream vanished. "There's many a nicer place in the county, an' I can't git bolt of Alliston's place, maybe I can git hold of the money at'll buy a nicer one. Anyhow, there's no tellin' what Gideon Carson can do," and his white teeth glistened in a Carson smile. "However, it'd add more'n a feather's weight of t could bust him as completely as I her Bostwick. Bostwick's got fette, I guess. I don't wish the man any harm, but ef he wants to be stuck an' is fool enough, go in, f'say; there's more to look after in this world besides bread an' dinner, as I tell 'em."

Mr. Carson alighted at his stable-door and put his horse away in good humor. Everything was working admirably, notwithstanding all the lies he told. He almost felt Caleb's money within his grasp; what mattered it to him if it was at cost of his daughter's good name and possibly of her womanly sensibilities and ambition?

It is strange how some women are affected by sorrow. Instead of mellowing and purifying their natures, it hardens and brutalizes their finer feelings; instead of refining the affections, it brutalizes them. Even the countenance is corrupted into an expression of the evil that infests the heart.

The woman that Carson met at the door of his house as he entered, so far from being the weeping and heart-broken wife he had represented to Mr. Alliston, was Amelia, possessed of an evil spirit. The spirit shone red through her cheeks, flashed out of her eyes, and sat with a fiendish smile upon her lips. You would not think of her now as the tender mother who rocked and cooed her child to sleep every evening at the setting of the sun for two years past, and yet I may say that she was more wickedly beautiful than ever.

"I don't find my unrighteous child overwhelmed with the repentance that her injured liege lord has expected?" said Carson with a mock smile as he saw her.

Amelia answered only by that terrible black cloud into her face.

Carson did something he seldom did—he laughed audibly.

"We'll help Caleb to git rid of some of his extra cash," said he, "it's all as plain as dirt. The law is tolerable liberal on that point—it allows you half—but it should be all, the black-hearted villain?"

"Did you see Alliston?" asked Amelia.

"Yes."

"What's his opinion?"

"Just as it should be. That you are wronged—that Caleb should pay well for his meanness."

"Have you spoken to any one else?"

"Yes; too a good many."

"Well, what is the sentiment existing towards me?"

"Well, it's just as might be expected; some for you, while others go for Caleb."

"Has anybody said I done wrong to leave Caleb when he drove me off?"

"Well, yes! some are so blind they won't see, you know."

"I want you to tell me the truth, father, even if it is hard for you think from what you have heard from the people that I will be respected as I always have been?"

"That's a hard question for me to answer, Amelia. Of course, *I don't know*. I have always been an ambitious man, for my children and for myself; it would be hard for me to reconcile myself to the fact that my daughter had been disgraced publicly, even by doing what she was forced to do."

"But you evade my question; answer me truthfully," said Amelia growing paler.

"The truth will not wound you?" smiling.

"No more than I am already wounded," sadly.

"Well, child, among most of folks you have lost—it a'most kills me to acknowledge it. But, Amelier, your mother and I sympathize with you—nay, we lose with you! But mind ye, child, the world cares no more than what little bread an' dinner we git, and we will prove to these ground-lings that they are not worth our esteem, see if we don't. You have the money—we have the talent. We will show them that Carson is not dependent on any of them. Yes, Amelier, I am forced to deny what I said awhile ago. *Alliston is not for us*, although he tries to argue me into it that he is, but I'll learn him I'm no spooney" and Gideon's eyes glared as though he would indeed swallow Mr. Alliston whole if he were present.

Amelia was thoughtful some moments before she spoke again, and then, her lips setting into hard lines, she said:

"I am disgraced. The world has wronged me. My child has been torn from my heart; my brightest hopes have been blasted by him that I trusted; my fair name has been tarnished. I am lost! But, I swear it! I will be revenged!" and she hid her fearless and blood-shot eyes in her hands.

Even Gideon Carson, hardened as he was, recoiled from that awful look, and trembled as he sat, to see the ruin he had wrought. But, barring the terror that it struck into his soul, he cared not a straw for her agony. She was only an instrument in his hands, if she was his child.

When I think of how the love of money had hardened the soul out of Gideon Carson's breast, I shudder to see a child toying with a penny.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HISTORY OF MARIPOSA.

With an Account of the Final Catastrophe.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Considered as a mechanical triumph over hard unyielding obstacles, she was a success.

Even as a work of art she was a treasure to her owners.

As a thing of beauty she was a joy for—weeks; certainly more than four weeks.

From smoke-stack to drive-wheel, from trucks to tender she was complete, unique rootiferous, full of steam.

The Bicycle Express Air-line route Arborgate to Barnstable were confidently known to predict for her an astounding rate of speed; in fact she was by far the fastest engine owned by the Company.

Even rival Companies tacitly yielded the palm to her, and in one instance went so far as to call a meeting of the Board of Directors and hold a consultation as to what ha'l better be done, but as the meeting broke up with the unanimous decision that she could not be surpassed, nothing ever came of it.

They may have been influenced in arriving at this conclusion by a contemplation of their already depleted exchequers, occasioned by unwisely equiping all trains with the Waggoner sleeping cars, the Pullman dining car, and the loss of the Express (package) business; we can not tell, for Companies are not given and their wags are inscrutable, even to a grain-buyer, at least they gave no sign—to their free passes, debarring thereby the very editor himself.

The rollingstock in charge by Mariposa was first-class in all its appointments, quite worthy of following so excellent a precedent of shining bands and burnished cylinders.

She had the honored U. S. Postal car, and carried the mail both down and up from either terminus sixty-three times daily —on an average.

She was a through train, stopped only for wood and water, at small stations, and meal-time.

She was placarded: "Through without change of cars," everyone who was connoubly supposed to be an error of the print, as it was attested by employees (discharged) that she sometimes arrived at her destination with one or two rear cars bottom upwards.

However none disputed that she went through from Barnstable to Arborgate, n'or that upon one occasion through a flour-barrel and a turkey-gobbler in juxtaposition, the latter having thoughtlessly appropriated the track for the purpose of giving a false impression of speed.

One account of the incident stated:—"When the through down train got down through that turkey-gobbler, it threw him into considerable confusion, and did not leave feathers enough upon him to make a quill to write an account of the accident; but as those statements originated mainly with the engineer, the public are cautioned against receiving them with entire confidence, he being somewhat excited upon the occasion."

During the course of his natual life Mariposa went through a variety of things, an umbrella, a hired girl, a stove-pipe hat with a head in it (of cabbage) and one day a bridge; that was the final catastrophe: it happened in this wise:—

As the up train from Barnstable was rounding a curve just outside of Arborgate, with a full head of steam on, glistening like gold at the fairy touch of the Autumn sunset, shooting like a meteor—(long metre) across the trestle-work,—why it—it was an imposing spectacle.

Little did the beholders think while gazing with interest upon this thrilling sight as they listened to the steady click, click, click, of the engineers feet running on ahead of the engine and keeping the whistle, that the end of Mariposa was near at hand.

A moment later—there is a roar, a rattle and a crash just as the center span is reached and it totters feels and surges down and into the turbid stream below: a failing pier crushes out Mariposa's life and half his convoy.

The engineer was hurled a distance of three feet and severely injured in the toe.

With wonderful presence of mind he regains his feet and shouts:—

"No blame attached to the company."

Many lives were lost, most of them "Plutarchs Lives" and "Lives of Great Men," traveling by express, (permission).

An half hour later the engineer proposed a conundrum to the writer, with his chin reclining within his palm he inquired:—

"In how long will it be fore I'm old enough to have a railroad?"

We coughed and requested time to consider: the period varies so of late years.

A CHANCE MEETING AT THE COUNTER

The St. Louis *Republican* relates the following as an actual fact, lately transpiring in that city:

"Not long ago two ladies stood at the shawl counter of one of the leading dry goods stores in St. Louis. They were unknown to each other, but were each intent in the examination of shawls. One of the ladies was finally handed something that struck her fancy. She turned the article over and over, with admiring eye upon it, and asked its price. She was told what it was, and with a sigh laid it down again. "I like it," said she, "it suits me perfectly, but I cannot afford it. My husband tells me that we must retrench as much as possible." The sympathetic saleswoman was about to facing the shawl upon its shelf when the other lady spoke:

"You do not intend to take the shawl, then, Madam?" "No," was the response. "Then I think I'll take it. It suits me, too, and I was only waiting for your determination." Then, turning to the saleswoman the last speaker told her to do up the purchase, adding, "I charge it to Mr. ——." The effect the name had upon the lady who was unable to buy the shawl was electric. "That's my husband!" she shrieked, and there was a scene upon which the curtain did not fall at once by any means."

CONFIDENCE is everything between husband and wife; and a woman who loves desires above all things to be trusted. She would not be glad when her husband is sad. She would not be ignorant of his troubles or his anxieties; Anything is better to her than to be shut out from the innermost of the life of one who should be all hers as she is all his.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

RICE AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—Rice is so extensively cultivated as rice. It is the main subsistence of hundreds of millions of people of Asia, and all eastern countries. In those regions and elsewhere, except in the northern portions of the United States, it is used as a substitute for potatoes, and it is not only cheaper but more nutritious and to many palates quite as appetizing. At the present price of domestic rice it is the cheapest food attainable. Prairie rice weigh sixty pounds to the bushel, for which the retail value is a dollar and a-quarter, or two and a-quarter cents per pound. Rice of fair quality sells at six cents per pound. Potatoes, however, contain about eighty per cent. of water, and do not gain much in the process of cooking. Rice, on the contrary, has no waste, and in boiling gains three times the original size. Hence, one pound of rice, at six cents is three times as much in bulk when cooked, relatively, in nutriment, to that contained in three pounds of potatoes.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Boil a pair of chickens with great care, skimming constantly, and keeping them covered with water. When tender take out the chickens and remove every bone from the meat; put a large lump of butter in a frying pan, and divide the chicken meat well with flour, lay in the hot pan; fry a nice brown, and keep it hot and dry. Take the liquor of the chicken broth, and mix in two large spoonsful of curry powder, two of boiled rice, and one of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a little cayenne; stir until smooth, then mix it with the broth in the pot; when well mixed, simmer five minutes, then add the browned chicken. Serve with rice.

CLAM CHOWDER.—Put in a kettle some small slices of fat salt pork, scorched a little the bottom of it; on that a layer of potatoes cut in small pieces; then a layer of chopped onions; then a layer of tomatoes, in slices, or canned tomatoes; on the latter a layer of clams, chopped; then a layer of crackers. Season each layer with pepper and salt. Repeat the process (omitting the pork) until the kettle is nearly full; cover with water; let it slow boil, not rapidly, and cook moderately, finish cooking and serve hot. When done, if found too thin, boil a little longer; if too thick, add a little more water; let it boil once. The more potatoes that are used the thicker it will be.

KIDNEY STEW.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then fill it lay in cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put it in the pot with three half pints of cold water; let it boil two hours, or until an inner bread is done, add one large onion, sliced; one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with fresh coal, put in tasteless and cork lightly.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Take a quarter of a pound of best yellow mustard, pour over it half a pint each of water and vinegar. Add a pinch of salt and a piece of garlic about the size of a pea. Put in on the fire, and while it boils add a teaspoonful of sugar, let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it constantly. Just before taking it off stir in a teaspoonful of sugar or honey. When cool, put it into bottles and cork tightly.

BEAUTY.

How to Preserve and How to Obtain It The Danger of Using Cosmetics Dr. Hammond's Preparations Their Virtues and Perpetuity.

The beautiful was a favorite subject of contemplation among the Ancients. The name of Plato is inseparably associated with it, but in his philosophizing, he nowhere separated the beautiful from the good. Aristotle declared the most admirable laws and rules (Canons of Criticism), so that his "Poetics," according to Scaliger, constitute a true Rhadamanthine tribunal for poets. Baumgarten, they hold to be the first who considered the subject from the true point of view—by whom beauty was considered the result of the highest and purest esthetic perception, to the realisation of which the finer portion of our nature aspires. Whatever may have been said or written on beauty in art or medicine from the birth of our mother Eve down to the present time, there can be no dispute about the efficiency of Dr. Gouraud's preparations in promoting the beauty of the human complexion. Physiologists say that beauty of complexion, and, to a certain extent, that of shape also, is simply visible health—a pure mirror of the perfect performance of the internal functions, and of their harmony with the external portions of the system; the certain effect of pure air, cheerfulness, temperance, and of exercise, uninterrupted by any species of unnatural constraint. In brief, perfect health is perfect beauty. Undoubtedly, if every law of health was properly observed, and all accidents to the human family thwarted, all of the children of man would be beautiful specimens of humanity, and almost exact counterparts of our perfect parents, who were formed in the image of God. But in the present state of fallen man (and woman), it is not at all unreasonable to look upon very unsightly complexions, in fact there are but few who possess those qualities of complexion which are essential to beauty. Facial discolorations, as sunburn, freckles, moth patches, etc., seem to be the rule, and a clear, florid skin the exception. To be sure, a fair woman, without virtue, is like pallid wine, and the virtuous woman, though ugly, is the ornament of a house," yet how much more of an ornament she might sometimes make herself by the use of Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream. We would not recommend cosmetics in general, knowing, as we do, that many of those in use contain subnitrate of bismuth, and other deleterious substances, and are more or less poisonous and dangerous to use; their minute particles lending to clog the pores of the skin, and prevent the free passage of gases and vapors, which is so essential to the generation of any animal organ in a thorough state of health. Aloof from all these nostrums and humbug preparations called toilet articles," with which the country is fairly flooded, are the valuable preparations of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 48 Bond street, New York, principal among which is his Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier. This stands at the head of the list of all toilet preparations, and has secured the highest medical testimony for its harmlessness and efficiency in improving the complexion. It is by no means a new and untried preparation, but has been before the public for twenty seven years, and has steadily gained its way into public favor, until to-day its vouchers are the living representatives of Fashion and Beauty, who testify in every circle of select society to its admirable qualities. Its beautifying influence is put on by adding a surpassing brilliancy, clearness and transparency to their complexion. There is hardly a country in the world where the Beautifier is not in demand, and the many hundreds of thousands ready to proclaim its virtues and gratefully acknowledge that it has restored them a social service to them derived from no other source. It has illuminated and enhanced the charm of many a happy occasion in high life, at the watering-place, at the ball at the Capital and at home. A word here in regard to the doctor, who is a man rather past the meridian of life, though he looks and appears much younger—it is buoyant and light-hearted as a boy, yet as grave at times as a sage. He is a thorough gentleman in every respect—is scrupulously conscientious—has a keen abhorrence of wrong-doing, and the strongest regard for veracity and promptness. He loves his business, and is blessed in the realization of the fact that he has benefited the world by giving man and woman-kind something for which future ages will rise up and express their heartfelt gratitude. A great portion of the doctor's life has been passed in originating and perfecting his preparations, and that he may live and retain his health and faculties for many years longer, and derive from the world as much pleasure as he has given it, is the earnest wish of thousands of his grateful patrons.—*Boston Times.*

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PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, February 24, 1877

FACE THE MUSIC.

It may not be attractive. The growl of the bear is music to his mate, but is not charming to one outside of the family—whether the bear be of the primitive order at home in the woods, or whether he has reached the height of development which entitles him to growl in civilized community and roar at the commercial exchange. In either case, it will not improve the music to turn from it; it will wax louder and harsher. Face it bravely and it may be subdued to a supplicating whine, harmless if not harmonious.

Threatening music is not always hardest to face. There is something in a menace that provokes resistance, and when the blood is fired by aggression, the nerves are braced and the muscles set to oppose an onslaught; and many a man, unsuspicious before, has found himself a hero when occasioned. But sweet seductive strains which come from many a charmer; he who can face such music and resist its encroachments, will have need of something more than physical courage. It echoes from brilliant fashionable social circles where a young man to maintain himself must be dishonest; it rings out in the clink of festive glasses; it swells like a full chorus in the applause of the unthinking multitude who cheer the popular favorite of the hour, enticing him to forget principle in the service of party; it gives fascinating melody in the ring of golden coin which corrupt aciser, as promise.

The sweetest music which can soothe the soul is the still small voice of conscience. Alas, how many will not face it, but turning a deaf ear, find too late that it is transformed to a voice of thunder, uttering curses and pursuing with the insatiable vengeance of a slighted lover!

WORK FOR INVENTORS.

A look through the Patent office is somewhat discouraging to one who would be an inventor. So numerous are the devices there shown, that the first impression is, there can be nothing more to invent. But so far from this being the truth, the fact is that each new discovery opens up the way to many more; each machine becomes a fruitful parent of a numerous progeny.

Observe how multiplied are the kinds of apparatus which the first discovery of the daguerreotype process has produced; the electro telegraph is surrounded by hosts of descendants of the third and fourth generation; the posterity of the steam engine is almost countless. An amusing illustration of this truth is seen in the application of the vital principle of the mowing machine, the vibrating knife giving a like cut. Some secondary genius has applied the idea on a smaller scale, to sheep shears and clipping machines, and for aught we know to apparatus for reaping the beard from the face—these devices are the little children of McCormick's giant reaper.

There is y t need of many great discoveries. The world is not finished. There are many rough corners to be smoothed off; many wild wastes to be tamed; streams to be taught how to flow for the greater benefit of man; seas to be united and other enterprises now perhaps unthought of, to be entered upon, which will greatly change the course of events on this planet.

With each age come special needs developed by the progress of society, and the invention most needed is then brought out. The printing press appeared when the quickened thought of Europe required greater facility for its dissemination. The mariner's compass was ready when the adventurous spirit of exploration had reached its height. The steam engine came to the help of man when his unaided powers were too weak for the work which the world then demanded. The telegraph flashed when steam had became too slow for the requirements of the age.

What is now demanded? In what direction shall inventors exert their powers?

First, motive power which shall supersede steam. Somebody will bring it to light. Perhaps Keeley; though his operations thus far have been so much in the dark, there is room for great doubts in that direction. The fact, however, that so many believe in him to the extent of their available means, proves that this special want of the times is recognized, and is an augury that it will be met.

There appears to be progress in the direction of deriving motive power from electric force. The great obstacle apparently is the cost of producing the power. He who will show how to evolve this resistless force cheaply and in a form to be controlled and directed to mechanical purposes, will take rank as an inventor with Watt, Fulton, and Morse.

How to heat our houses more cheaply is another problem to be evolved, the right answer to which may fill some inventor's pocket to overflowing, and bestow an inestimable boon on the community. The materials are all at hand. Water is full of the greatest combustible, combined with the great supporter of combustion; how to utilize them in this direction is the question: we believe it will be answered.

Petroleum will not last forever; we shall need new light; who will furnish it?

Who will show us how to navigate the air?

Who will teach the art of producing food directly from organic substance without the slow methods of agriculture?

When these hard questions are answered, plenty more of the same sort will be left, so that inventors need not fear that their vocation will be gone at least during this centenary.

A WIDE FIELD.

Exploring expeditions are in order. The North Pole, Central Africa, Asia and the South Sea Islands all hold tempting treasures of mystery. When these have been exhausted, and the hidden recesses of the earth's interior have also yielded up their stores, th re will yet remain the stellar depths and the infinite reaches of space. Science is perfecting her implements with which to fathom and compass these domains, which until recently have been traversed only by the wings of imagination. Armed with the telescope, the spectroscope, and the microscope, the astronomer has already demonstrated the kinship of the heavens with the earth, and thus while unfolding wonders, has brought them into the circle of human sympathies.

It would afford delightful scope to fancy, to endeavor to forecast the revelations of the future in these promising and illimitable fields: to explore first the recesses of our nearest neighbor the moon, interview her supposed inhabitants, and bear their story of their towering mountains, yawning gulfs, and how their life is maintained on what seems to us an airless, waterless, and worn-out world. The imagination kindles at the revelations to be expected from some patriarch of the Sun, who could recount in fervid language worthy of the theme, the dazzling splendors of a central world of blazing light.

But there are other unfathomed depths to which these thoughts lead. During all the years in which knowledge has been gathered, not only has man been constantly with its stores, but each new acquisition has increased his eagerness and his aptitude for more; nor can any limit be fixed to his possibilities of reception. His thought encompasses the unfolding universe. Vast as is the wealth of the ages, here is an unfilled storehouse inviting the overflow of infinity! When the olden philosopher counselled, "Man, know thyself," he opened for investigation heights and depths that can be measured only by the gauge which can determine the bounds of creation.

It is needless to dwell on the subsidiary truth that presents itself from these reflections. He who will thoughtfully consider that he is thus by his nature made heir of all things; that his birthright is to bring them all under contribution to the development of his own faculties, will learn a lesson of the value of himself, that will make all low aims distasteful, and lead him on his upward progress.

CIGAR FASHIONS.

Cigars are worn in various styles. For business purposes the straight forward method of an wagon tongue, prevails; the cigar planted firmly in the middle of the lips, puffs being rolled out each side.

A favorite style for leisurely loungers, is to wear it well one side; loungers with a purpose, elevate it to a wide-awake angle, with the end pointing as nearly as possible to the right eye; curls (smoke) are the favorite trimmings.

The Bow-wowery mode is very expressive; the *butt* is jammed back to meet the wisdom teeth which find great satisfaction in chewing it reflectively.

The ways of wearing the cigar in the hand also vary. There is the dainty style, where it lightly reposes between the first two fingers and is passed to and from the lips in graceful curves. In the plain style, the thumb and finger are used, and the motions are more angular. In the economical method, the lighter end is turned inward toward the palm of the hand, the fingers being partly closed, so as to retain as much as possible of the heat and flavor. This is frequently observed in street cars.

A New Article of Butter.—The San Jose, (Cal.) *Argus*, says the Angora Robe and Glove Company, which works up the skins of the Angora goat, is putting canned goats' meat on the market—a substitute for strong butter, perhaps.

The Toronto washerwomen held a meeting the other day, and decided to ask the City Council to protect them against the Chinese laundrymen, who are ruining their business. What next? Dear sods!

Is it any wonder that distinguished vocalists should be sing-ular people, or that their vocation should be creditable so long as their notes are good.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

Hast thou my Ada ever thought,
How wondrously the All
We see within the universe,
Binds our souls, one soul?

Of how the sights that thrill us with
Their forms and beauty, do
It-come a part of every thought,
Through which we rapture know?

Come oft thou here, beneath the moon,
And listen while I tell,
How sacred to us Love's delight,
Through wisdom's fairy spell!

What better proof can reason have,
Of ours and God's—
Where do we hear feel as one,
With Love and Deity?

Thine eyes, my dearest, speak of gems
Of worlds far future love;
Our lips now linger with the breath,
Of ones new born above!

We truly are within the things
Which growing give us bliss,
And it would seem some star had formed,
To grow from this dear kiss!

How precious then our hearts to us,
When bound by every vow
That God has given souls to choose,
That all shall perfect grow?

We as human seem to draw,
The mighty All to us;
So great, we feel the growing joy,
Of this our happiness!

Then let the storms of life come on,
It shall fill my own;
Thou shalt hide me in thy hair,
Until their clouds have gone.

Then shall be my Naiad dear—
My nymph in time of flood,
Who shall bear its safety through,
To some bird world of wood!

There is one storm, and only one,
Whose clouds will never pass,
Until beyond this world we wake,
Together there in space.

But sometimes seems its sweeter dear,
Depending on God's care,
Who has ordained us once to die,
That we may meet Him there!

The morning moon's forgotten Love,
Dim in the eastern sky;
This life may be familiar with then,
As the pale moon in the day!

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER!

THE ACCUSATION AND THE PROOF

It was hardly to be expected that so striking and powerful a romance as Sidonie should have escaped the notice of book publishers in this country, and we were not surprised that five different translations were offered to as many publishing houses. Ultimately, by mutual arrangement among these houses, it was left for Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston, to bring out the work in book form. Under these peculiar circumstances, M. Daudet, the declining publishers and the public had a right to expect that the story should be presented as the author wrote it; that there should be at least a faithful translation—not a transmogrification. Least of all should we have looked for such a literary outrage in Boston!

That the book has not been even fairly translated; that most unwarrantable liberties have been taken; that almost every page of the book shows glaring sins of omission and commission, is too mild a way to state the facts in the case. The work has been shamefully butchered, and the mangled form of what was a beautiful creation is presented. There were indeed too many imperishable marks of genius in the original to be wholly obliterated by this miscalled translation. The skeleton of the story is there, wired together, and here and there Daudet's vivid thoughts encompass it; but the marvelous freshness of graphic description, the delicate touches of character painting, the golden thread of imagination that veined the whole book, are so lo pelessly torn that the disastrous process of an attempted English rendering, that it would require a fancy almost as fertile as that of the illustrious author to believe that such a production could awake the enthusiasm which has greeted the book as it came from his brilliant pen.

These assertions are not recklessly made; the charges are too serious not to merit abundant proof, and unfortunately it is too abounding. Beginning with the opening chapter at the very fourth line we give the first specimen. Our translator says:

"This was about the twentieth time that day that Rixler had said I' e was content and always with the same tender and quiet air, with the same slow, repressed, deep voice, that voice which restrains emotion and does not dare too speak too loudly, for fear of breaking down all at once, in tears."

The condemned translation renders it:

"It was certainly the twentieth time that day that William Rixler had announced his excessive happiness. Always, too, in the same words, and in the same heartfelt tone—soft and low—indicating, to a close observer, that he placed a certain restraint on himself *lest he should say too much*."

The fear of saying too much, and the fear of breaking down in tears are as distinct as chalk and butter; what right had the translator to make the substitution?

Further on in the same chapter Daudet skillfully brings out the character of rough, loose, witty old Gardinois, by his utterance of the following joke:

"Sidonie's like all the rest!" said he, laughing. 'Just think of it—It's only two months since she talked of entering a convent! Ah! I know these girls' convents! They're like we say at home: the convent of Saint Joseph—four shoes under the bed!" which is a literal rendering.

But the Boston translator gives the following *homme-made* as an improvement.

"It is not quite two months," continued the gay man, with a boisterous laugh, "since this little minx, this Sidonie here, talked of going into a nunnery—a monastery, I fancy, would have suited her better!"

Multiplied instances of this character occur in the first book, descriptive of the History of the Little Chebe, the text being so cut down that sense and beauty are sadly marred. But worse follows.

In the first chapter of the second book Daudet paints a picture of Parisian workmen and their costumes, and gives a voice to the different manufactory bells well worthy of Dickens; it will bear reproducing here.

"Noon. Breakfast time in the Marais. With the deep tones of the Angelus of Saint Paul, of Saint Gervais, of Saint Denis du Saint Sacrement, mixed—fining from the court yards—the shrill tolling of the manufactory bells. Each one of these chimes had a distinctly marked character. There were sad ones and gay ones, wide awake ones and drowsy ones. There were rich, happy bells, tolling for hundreds of workmen; poor, timid bells, which seemed to hide behind the others and to shrink back, as if they feared that bankruptcy might hear them. And then the lying ones the brazen-faced ones, those which sounded for the outside world, for the street, to make it believed that they belonged to a large house which employed a crowd of people.

God be praised, the bell of the Fromont manufactory [the last one of these!] was a good old bell, a little cracked, known in the Marais for forty years, and one which had never rested except on Sundays and the days of festivals.

As its voice, a whole nation of workmen filed off under the gateway of the old hotel and disappeared in the neighboring taverns. The apprentices seated themselves on the border of the pavements with the masons. To save for themselves a half hour of play, they breakfasted in five minutes upon all that is brought to them by the women, bread, cold pork, upon chestnuts, walnuts, apples; and beside them the masons broke great loaves of bread all white with flour and with plaster. The women were in a hurry, and departed on a run. They had each at home or at the asylum an infant to look after, an aged parent, household duties to attend to. Suffocated by the air of the workshops, their eyes hollowed, their hair soiled with the dust of velvet-papers, a fine powder which made them cough, they hastened along, a basket on the arm, through the crowded street in which the omnibuses made their way with difficulty in the inundation of people.

Near the gate, seated on a stone which had served in other days as a horse-block for the cavaliers, Rixler gazed with a smile on the emptying of the manufactory. The sociable esteem of all these rough people, whom he had known when he was lowly and humble as they, was always a great pleasure to him. The 'How do you do, Monsieur Rixler,' spoken by so many different and affectionate voices, made his heart glad. The children accosted him without fear, the designers with long beards, half workmen, half artists, grasped his hand as they passed and were familiar with him. Perhaps there was in all this a little too much familiarity, for the good man had not yet learned the prestige and the authority of his new position, and there was a certain person who found this negligence very humiliating. But that person could not see him at that moment, and the employer took advantage of the fact to give a vigorous slap to the old bookkeeper's stomach, who came out last of all, and bare-headed—no matter how the weather was—for fear of an effusion of blood upon the brain.

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PARTING.

BY R. HONEYBROOK.

Since thus we sever,
Perchance forever,
And I may never
Press my hand again;
Think of me kindly,
Who loved so blindly,
And leave thee now in pain.

Should fortune leave thee,
And death bereave thee,
Or friends deceive thee,
That now remain;
Then I who love thee,
Would die to serve thee,
And clasp thee once again.

MY GREAT TROUBLE.

BY GEORGE MARVILLE FENN.

It was just after my long illness, when I was laid by for six months.

Of course, it was not reasonable to expect different treatment from the great firm with whom I had been for so many years, but it came like a sharp pang when one morning at breakfast, just as I had made up my mind to go up to town and try again, the postman left a letter.

It was very kindly written, and enclosed a cheque for fifty pounds, but that did not seem to balance the intimation that the heads of the City place had filled up my post by promoting one of their employés, for they said that it was quite evident I should not be in a condition to do active business for some months to come, and they advocated perfect rest and a sojourn at the sea-side.

I could not complain, for twice over I had been back, telling myself I was strong enough to go on, but each time I had broken down, and on the last occasion had to be sent home in a fly.

The disease, you see, had left me so nervous, and directly I had attempted to think and direct, and plunged generally into the regular bustle of business, I had become confused and flurried, ending by sitting down miserably helpless, and obliged to confess myself beaten.

"This is the last cast of all," I said with a groan, as I let the envelope and its enclosures fall to the ground. "God help us! what is to become of us?"

"Some, some!" exclaimed my wife—bless her for a dear little woman who always thinks a looking glass has two bright sides!—"some, come! we shall manage right enough, dear, only wait and grow strong."

"Seven of us, and no income—nothing to look forward to in this weary, weary world," I groaned, and I sat back and covered my face with my hands.

And as I did so I felt my little woman rest her forehead on my hands, and in a whisper she repeated those lines of Longfellow's—

"Be still, and heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Unto each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

I knew the truth of the words—very favorite ones of mine, which I had quoted about other people's sorrows—but now I could only mourn in my weakness, and think of the future as a cloudy, rainy time, which no sunshine could ever pierce.

What was to become of our two girls, Hetty and Marie, of whom we had been so proud, and whom we had educated and trained with such care that, while domestic in every way, they possessed the refined sense of the word—girls of eighteen and twenty? What was to become of the little ones?

For with my large family I had never been able to put much aside, but had trusted to insurance. What little I had saved had been swept away by the expenses of my long illness, and now I had fifty pounds, a few debts, the insurance money to keep up, my health was shattered, and no prospective income.

I can scarcely think about it all now without a strange swelling coming in my throat, for events followed one another pretty quickly then. Of course, I know that I had no business to repine, but I was so weak and helpless a slave that I did and said things very different from the thoughts and acts of a man in robust health.

The next morning my eldest boy, a lad of fourteen, sat perfectly still after breakfast and looked preternaturally solemn. I did not see it then, but there was evidently a conspiracy afoot.

"I hear you had gone to school, my boy," I said.

"Not going to-day, father," was the answer, and then it came out that the schoolmaster's brother had undertaken to receive the boy into his office, without premium—he was a land agent and surveyor, and the boy was to reside with him.

I was stunned at first. I knew it was a blessing in disguise—one hearty boy well provided for—but I was too full of repining to see it then.

The boy went the next day, and this seemed a new trouble.

Four days later Marie came to tell me that she was going to be a nursery governess at the rectory, and though she was only going to be a mile away, that was another bitter pang, and I fear that I did no little towards sending the poor girl to her new home low spirited and dejected.

"Our home's being broken up, dear," I said to my wife the night after Marie had gone, and she gave such a sigh, and began to sob so violently, that I knew there was some thing being kept back, and taxed her with it.

"Tell me this instant," I said excitedly. "What is it?"

"Pray, pray don't be excited," she cried tenderly, "you know how it depresses you afterwards."

"I can tell me all about what has been done. Ah! it's cruel, cruel, cruel, while I am prostrate here, to be deceiving me as you all are."

"Harry, darling," my poor little wife sobbed, "indeed, indeed we have been doing all for the best, and to help you in our difficulties."

"I see, yes, I know, I know," I said, laying my hand upon her head as she knelt there by my bedside, "it is I who am so pitifully meant and weak with my illness. Tell me all, dear, I can bear it now."

And I did try so hard, though the weak tears would come rolling from beneath my closed eyelids as she told me that Hetty, my darling, the flower of the flock, with her sweet, earnest grey eyes, fair face, and golden-brown hair, had nobly determined, too, to obtain a situation as governess, had, unknown even to her mother, advertised, had received an answer, and obtained an appointment in a merchant's family at a salary of eight pounds per annum.

"Yes, and isn't it lucky, papa dear?" exclaimed her bright, cheerful young voice, for she had been standing at the door.

"Oh, my darling! I can't part with you," I groaned.

"Only for a little while, papa dear," she said, nestling to me. "And eight pounds a year, that will be two pounds for dress—I must dress well, dear—and six for you and mamma. That will nearly half pay one quarter's rent, you know, and think! there will be three less to keep, and I do eat so heartily."

I tried very hard to follow in the same spirit of gaiety, but in those days I was such a wet blanket that I soon led the way and it ended in our all sobbing together at the thought of the coming separation.

This may sound very simple to some readers, but by those who have lived in the circle of a united family, happy in their own modest way, I dare say I shall be understood.

The day of parting came so quickly, and my wife took my place, going up town with Hetty, and seeing her safely installed, while I lay tossing feverishly on my bed, bemoaning my inability to act, and looking with envy through the open window at the laborer toiling in the hot sun with his pickaxe, mending the road.

"It's not much I ask! I groaned in an agony of supplication, as I lay there, and stretched out my thin and trembling hands, "only that I may have strength—strength to work I care not how humble it may be, only give me back my strength."

Perhaps it was from exhaustion, but I felt and thought differently after that, for it seemed to me then, as I lay there, that my prayer was heard, and a sweet and restful sleep fell upon me, from which I awakened at last to find it was past midnight, while, on looking round, there sat my wife watching by the bedside.

"Back," I said, "so soon?"

"Soon, Harry," she said, "I have been sitting here an hour. It is seven o'clock, and they say you fell asleep before twelve. It was so sweet and sound a sleep, that I would not wake you."

I lay there quite still for a few minutes, holding her hand in mine, and then I said quite calmly—

"Lizzy, I'm going to get strong now."

"Yes, yes, of course, dear," she said, and I saw the hopeless tears gathering in her eyes.

I smiled. She told me afterwards that I had not smiled with such a calm, contented look on my countenance, for many, many months, and it frightened her, for she thought it might be the precursor of a terrible change.

"Yes," I said, "get strong," and I patted the little transparent hand that had grown so thin anxiety, as this as my own. "Yes," I repeated again "get strong. I can feel it now. What is to-morrow?"

"Friday," she said, and her eyes dilated with fear.

"Then get a few things ready, and on Saturday we will go down to one of those little villages near Dover for a month. The sea-air will give me the strength I want, and then to work once more. Thank God, the worst is past!"

"Harry, Harry! dear Harry!" she sobbed, flinging her arms wildly round me, and drawing my head to her bosom. "Oh speak to me, speak again! You are worse —much worse. No, no, let go, let go," she cried frantically, as she struggled to get away "let me ring!"

"What for? what for, little woman?" I said, holding her more tightly to my breast.

"To get help—to send for the doctor," she cried wildly.

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"N—no," she faltered, gazing at me with her poor face all drawn and haggard, but—

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Poor little weary heart, that had so long been tortured for my sake. It was long enough before I could calm her to the same belief as mine, but at last she sat there with her head resting on the pillow nearest mine, and she answered my questions about her journey to town with Hetty.

"A nice house?" I said.

"Yes, a large pretentious place in a new square."

"And the people?"

"I only saw the mistress and children."

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"Never mind, never mind," I said cheerfully. "It shan't be for long, little woman. I shall never rest till I have a comfortable home for our darlings once again, and Hetty, God bless her! she has a way and disposition that must make every one love her. Mistress, children, servants, they will all love and respect her, so we must be patient for a while—only be patient."

These words frightened my poor wife again, but my calm, quiet smiles reassured her, and that evening I sat up and had tea with those who were left—the two little ones—by the open window of my bed-room, and a sweet sense of calmness and content was over me, such as I had not known for many weary months.

I was down in the garden the next morning, before the sun was hot. I had always loved my bit of garden, and by the help of a hoe walked all around it, feeling a little sad to see how it had gone to ruin, but already taking plans for the future.

"Ah, Mr. Hendrick!" said a cheery voice, and I recognized a neighbor with whom I had often ridden to business of a morning, "glad to see you so much better."

"Thank you, I am much better," I said, catching the extended hand, and feeling a warm glow at my heart in the friendly grasp.

"By-the-way, don't be offended," he said, "but are you going to leave your house?"

"I am thinking of doing so," I said sadly.

"I don't mean that," he said hastily, "I mean for a month or six weeks. An old friend of mine, a country lawyer, wants a furnished residence for self and family, for a time, handy to town, where he has a big railway season ticket. I thought perhaps if you were going to the sea-side for a bit—you know—he's well off—ask a stiff rent, and that sort of thing—eh?—think it over."

"—I will," I said, gasping for breath, for this new piece of good fortune was almost to much for me.

Suffice it that I promised to send him word, and the result was that, though it delayed my going for a few days, before the week was over, I was down in a pleasant cottage by the sea-side, with not only enough for current expenses, but a good surplus coming from the rent of our own house, for my neighbor had secured for me a far big-ger rent than I should have asked, and there was no occasion to touch the fifty pounds, with which I cleared off all my debts.

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But I was not satisfied, there seemed to me to be a forced gaiety about Hetty's letters that troubled me, and I could not think them real, for it seemed to me as if she wrote these notes solely for the sake of making me cheerful, and they had the opposite result. In fact, I would at last time far rather have heard that she was uncomfortable, and longing for the time when she might return home.

Meanwhile, as the weeks slipped by, I grew so well that I felt almost like my former self, and had anything been wanting to complete my cure, it was a visit from a former partner of the firm I had served. He had left them years before to commence business for himself, and had thriven so that his establishment was as large as that from which he had split.

We had always been on civil terms, but I never thought he had noticed me. Now, however, on finding out that I was disengaged, he came to me with a most brilliant offer, at least it seemed so to me then.

"I always longed to have your clear head to depend on," he said "but of course honor forbade any negotiations while you were with the old firm. Now you are free, I shall be very glad if you will join me."

"I'm afraid my clear head has gone for ever." I said sadly.

"Pooh, nonsense, man," he said laughing, "you've had a nasty attack, but that's all gone, and you'll be your own man in another week. Come, say the word, you'll join me, and I won't make promises, but come to me and be my right hand, while, on looking round, there sat my wife watching by the bedside.

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"N, WOODMOUNT SQUARE.

"Wednesday.

"Sir,—It is an unpleasant task, but as I have had your daughter beneath my roof, I feel it to be my duty to inform you that yesterday she left here in a clandestine manner, and has not since thought proper to return. It is, of course, a very painful admission to make, especially to a father, but still it is a duty, I do not shrink therefrom. Your daughter's conduct has given Mr. St. Hendrick great cause for anxiety from the first, as it has been flighty, and not at all ladylike. We should very shortly have dismissed her, as we do not approve of gentlemen visiting the instructresses of our children, as she had, however, taken this step, I have no more to say, and feeling that I have done my duty

"I am,

"Your obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER ST. DERRICK.

"Mr. Hendrick."

If I had any remnant of my weakness hanging about before, it was all cleared away now, as I stood tearing the letter to fragments.

"It's a lie, a wicked, atrocious lie!" I exclaimed, stamping on the pieces. "Our darling has been driven away, or there is something wrong. She would never act like this.

"Never, Harry," exclaimed my wife, who stood there flushed and angry one moment, pale as ashes the next. "But stop! what are you going to do?"

"Going to do?" I roared, "going to seek for our child."

"But you are not strong enough—the agitation——"

"Strong! agitation!" I exclaimed, catching her so tightly by the arm that she winced. "Look at me, Lizzy, I never felt stronger in my life."

In less than an hour I was being whirled up to town by the train, and on reaching the station, the cab that took me to Woodmount Square seemed to crawl.

I thundered at the door, and dragged so fiercely at the visitor's bell, that the footman in tawdry livery stared at me aghast as he opened the door, and I strode in.

"Tell your master I want to see him," I said hastily.

"Ain't at home, sir," he said recovering himself.

"Your mistress, then," I cried fiercely.

"She ain't—"

"Confound you!" I roared, catching him by the throat, to the disarrangement of his white cravat, "tell her—there, there!" I said cooling down, and slipping a couple of crowns in the man's hand. "Here, show me in directly to either of them, I am Miss Hendrick's father."

The man's frightened, angry face changed on the instant, and he showed me at once into a garish drawing-room, where a coarse, florid woman was lying back on a lounge fanning herself.

"Mrs. St. Derrick," I said hastily, "my name is Hendrick. I have come up in search of my husband's better."

"You must see him, my good man," she exclaimed angrily. "I told Thomas not to admit anyone."

"But this is a life or death to me, madam, —my childs honor. Tell me, I beg of you, all you know."

"You people should bring your children up better," was the reply. "Very dreadful—very shocking, and my poor darlings have had a most narrow escape."

"Did it ever occur to you, madam, that other people have feelings as well as they love," I exclaimed, unable to control my anger.

"But there, tell me, what steps have you taken to find out where she went?"

"Steps! I take steps? Absurd! My good man, you must be mad."

"I shall be soon," I muttered, then aloud ——,

"But you have done something, madam, surely?"

"I desired Mr. St. Derrick to write to you and of course you are the proper person to take steps, as you term it," said the lady contemptuously.

"Tell me when she left and how. Give me some information, I beg of you," I exclaimed.

"My good man, I cannot touch the subject at all. It is too painful—too dreadful. See Mr. St. Derrick. When I think of having harbored so dreadfully shameless a creature, I feel faint—it turns me sick."

I dared not speak—I dared not give utterance to the rage struggling in my breast, for this was only a woman, and such a woman, that I dashed out of the room, and the door banged heavily behind me.

As I left the room I nearly fell over the footman, who had evidently been listening, and I caught a glimpse of two female heads disappearing at the doorway as I hurried down the stairs.

"Here my man," I said, "tell me all you know," and I thrust my hand once more into my meagerly filled pocket.

"Oh, it's all right, sir I don't want paying," said the man hastily. "It's my belief she drove poor Miss Hendrick away with her temper. She's a wunneer," he continued in a whisper, "reg'lar tiger-cat, and the young ones is reg'lar tiger-kittens—beasts," he added half savagely.

"Tell me when she went."

"Well sir, it was the night afore last as she went out, and didn't come back. I'm going, too, and no's two of the maids.

"Did she take her box?"

"Lor, no, sir, nothing at all, and when she didn't come back, we was in the servants 'all said as she'd been driven away, and gone home."

"But," I said, and I felt the blood come into my face, as I asked the question about my own child, "but did she go alone?"

"Oh, yes, I thiluk so sir?"

"And"—I was choking as I asked the question—"what gentleman came to see her?"

"Gentleman—to see her?"

"Yes, your master said so in his letter."

"Why what a whopper!" exclaimed the man indignantly. "Nobody never came to see her once. Stop! yes, they did."

My heart even seemed to stop at his word.

"Yes, there was an old gentleman called one afternoon—grey-headed old gentleman—a parson, of course,—so there was. It was while I was out with the carriage. Haann let him in, and fetched Miss Hendrick down, and she saw him in the dining-room. I remember Haann told me all about it. To be sure, and that little cat, Miss Celia, kicked up a row because Haann wouldn't let her go into the dining-room while the gentleman was here, and she said she'd tell her ma. Miss Hendrick ain't been home, then, sir?"

"No, my man, no."

"Then I should go bang to the pleece station, sir. They'd find out."

I took the man's advice, and went to the the nearest station, where I saw a sergeant and stated my case, while he made notes in a book.

"Lady young?" he said.

"Twenty."

I saw the man tighten his lips.

"Pretty?"

"Very pretty," I said emphatically.

The man's lips tightened still more, and I saw a faint smile about his lip as he spoke again.

"We'll do our best, sir, but this is a detective case. I should go to Scotland Yard if I was you. Young ladies will do these things. Gen's led away, you know.

"What is it, Thomson?" said an officer whom I saw to be an inspector, and his coming stopped an indignant exclamation on my lips.

"Young lady missing," said the sergeant.

"What description?" said the inspector, going to the desk.

I repeated it hastily, and the inspector turned sharply round to his subordinate, and spoke to him in a low tone. He then turned to me.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said kindly. "Just take a seat. Any relative?"

"Daughter," I panted, and then I read that in the man's eyes which made the whitewashed office seem to swim round, a deathly sickness overcame me, and all was black.

The next thing I remember, is feeling cold water splashing in my face, and a kindly voice saying—

"Come, come! hold up sir. It's not so bad as that. There, drink some of this."

I drank some of the water the inspector held to my lips, and two constables who had been supporting me drew back.

"I've been very ill," I stammered, "and I am weak; but tell me, pray tell me the worst."

"Well, sir, the worst is that the young lady's getting better, I hope. That was the last report, if it's the same She was knocked down by a van on the fifteenth; concussion of the brain; small bone of arm broken; no mention of identification; taken to St. George's Hospital; last news, still insensible, but doctors hopeful."

This principally read to me from a book which the inspector consulted.

"A cab, please, quick!" I faltered.

"Cab directly, Thomson," said the inspector.—"There, I'll go with you."

That inspector holds a place in my heart amongst those to whom I owe gratitude, for he was very kind. He took me, trembling and agitated, to the hospital, and there, after a short delay, we were taken to a bedside in a small, beautifully clean, and airy ward, where a doctor was sitting by my darling, who lay there very feeble, but with the light of reason beginning to shine once more from her gentle eyes.

She recognized me, but her voice was quite a whisper, and I could see that she was confused and puzzled as to her presence there.

I need not tell you of her rapid strides back to convalescence, nor more of her accident than that all she recollected was a warning cry as she crossed the road, and then seeming to wake in the hospital with me standing at her bedside.

Our sojourn by the sea lasted another month for her sake, but by then I was busy once again, and working easily and well.

Need I say that my darlings were both soon back in their old home, never to leave us again! But stay, I speak too fast; I fear—yet why should I envy their happiness?—there may be fresh partings: for the son of our old clergyman who called on Hetty in Woodmount Square, spends a great deal of his spare time at our house. Marie, too, blushed most vividly the other day, when I came upon her speaking to an old friend's son.

So the story of my great trouble is done, leaving me, as I recall the past, firmly assured that, whatever rain may fall into each life, God always sends some sunshine to dry the tears.

A CURIOUS RELIC OF 1775.

Pretty Miss Millicent Barrett, a little revolutionary rebel, often heard Tory talk from a young English staff officer who was sometimes sent to her father's house at Concord on quartermaster business. He once asked her what they would do if the colonies should resist, since there was not a person that even knew how to make cartridges. She replied they would use their powder horns and bullets just as they shot bears.

"That," said the young man, "would be too barbarous. Give me a piece of pine and I will show you." After whittling the stick to the proper form, he took the scissors and cut the paper for the pattern cartridge. She was an apt scholar, for all the cartridges were made under her superintendence by the women of Concord, her only male assistant being her younger brother, Major James Barrett, who drove the last load of cartridges from the house after the British came in sight, April 19, 1775. The pair of scissors used by the Englishman have been lent by Concord to the Old South Collection.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make sin and misery for yourself, out of everything which God sends you, you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

INDIAN DIVINITIES.

Among the rude and uncivilized tribes of the Northwest coast, the idea of divinity was very diverse, and in some cases obscure. The Tinneh, a great people occupying a vast expanse of territory, reaching from the Arctic Ocean southward to the 3lst-6th parallel of latitude, worship the "man in the moon," as they suppose, formerly lived among them as a poor and ragged boy. This boy once made so large a pair of snow-shoes that he attracted the attention and ridicule of the entire community where he resided, and became the object of much heartless sport on the part of the villagers. But soon there came a time of great scarcity; the hunter traversed the forest in vain; the earth bore no fruitage. Still, to their surprise, when every hope of success was exhausted, they were often led to freshly-killed game by some mysterious influence. Their benefactor soon proved to be none other than the poor boy with the great snow-shoes—the object of their ridicule. Though grateful, they could not quite forget his benefactions when the time of plenty returned, so much so as on one occasion to refuse him a morsel of fat meat. The divine power was then and afterwards manifested himself to them in the guise of a ragged boy, now offended, took his departure to his residence in the moon. However, in a month, he returned, apparently as a full-grown man, forgave their ingratitude, told them that his home was in the moon, and that he would always assist them in the chase. One punishment, however, they must suffer, namely, that henceforward animals should be lean the entire winter, and only fat in the summer.

The Nootkas of Columbia have a tradition of a benefactor and teacher who appeared to them long ago. He came to them up the sound in a canoe of copper. The paddle in his hand was copper; even his clothing was of the same metal. This mysterious, copper-clad old man sojourned for a while among them, taught them the use of the metal which made him so remarkable—told them that he came from the sky, and that some time in the future, when their land should be destroyed, they would all die, but after death, rise and live with him above. Enraged at this prophecy of their destruction, they arose and killed him, and, in possessing themselves of the canoe, fell heir to the benefits which arise from the knowledge of copper. They, however, repented of their crime when they realised, at too late an hour, that the copper-man was the incarnation of their deity, *The Great Spirit, The Man above.*

In both of these legends we observe the tendency, alluded to a moment ago, of first personifying the powers of nature, and then deifying that personification. In the boy with the great snow-shoes, suddenly elevated to the position of divine patron of the chase, we see clearly some inventive genius, who, ridiculed at first by his fellows, at last is acknowledged a benefactor on account of his discovery of improved appliances for hunting. The copper-man is a shining more than the introducer of copper among the Nootkas.—*Appleton's Journal.*

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness on our side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

The husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest.—*Whittier.*

Dr. Johnson used to say that the habit of looking at the best side of things was worth more than a thousand pounds a year.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe golden ears,
Unless we have first been sowers
And watered the furrows with tears.
Adelaide Carey.

The work that has been done by dull and plodding people in this world can never be estimated.—*Anon.*

God never created a being without the ability to be useful to itself, or others, and never a child without the gift to be happy.

The strongest influences are those that are silent and indirect.—*Anon.*

It is wonderful how readily people believe anything they would like to be true.—*Country Parson.*

A nation cannot afford to do a mean thing.—*Charles Sumner.*

A Christian is like a locomotive. A fire must be kindled in the heart of the thing before it will go.—*M. N. Jacobus.*

On every height there lies repose.—*Goethe*

HOW TO BEGIN.

Girls, you can learn how to be thoroughly neat and clean, by attending properly to your own rooms, if your sphere of usefulness is confined to a small space. Keep everything in perfect order, in the first place; neatness is one great principal of beauty. Clean your instincts you have fitness in every little thing that of use and ornament. Learn how impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table, or to stick your pins in your cushion at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. Take upon yourself gradually—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares belonging to your own small territory at home. Get together things for use in these cases. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning, your furniture brush and feather duster, and your light little broom and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and a piece of flannel to brighten the polish or to restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your nurse's growing sense of fitness and nicenness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. If you are of an inventive turn of mind, processes will readily come to you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to put a thing away than let it alone, taking a real interest in all your small improvements, then you have learned enough to keep a whole house in order.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman if he has plenty of money.

NEWS NOTES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S house in Edinburgh was recently sold for $12,500.

EIGHT thousand tons of copper from the Lake Superior mines were sent to Europe last year to be manufactured into cartridges.

MORE than four thousand persons were treated for various diseases of the eye at the Wills Ophthalmic Hospital in Philadelphia, during 1876.

SIXTY thousand bushels of potatoes have been imported to this city from England, Ireland, Bermuda and Halifax during the past few weeks.

THE total indebtedness of the Southern States, as estimated by the Committee on Adjustment, is about $200,000,000, that of Virginia alone amounting to $35,000,000.

IT is announced that a Trenton firm has purchased the hull of Commodore Perry's flagship Lawrence, and intend to manufacture canes and other relics from the timber.

THE Missouri Legislature is naturalizing a new industry in that State. The committee on Agriculture have reported a bill offering five dollars a bushel for grasshopper eggs.

BY a vote of 187 to 84 the Connecticut General Assembly last Thursday passed the proposed constitutional amendment forbidding town and city aid to railroad enterprises.

THE narrow gauge roads are gaining favor throughout the whole country. Several are being built out of Cincinnati, and over ninety miles are already surveyed and will be built this year in Indiana.

OREGON, with a population of 40,000 men, last year exported $11,000 tons of wheat, worth $11,440,000, and 400,000 cases of canned salmon. The Columbia river is now the great salmon-fishing river of the world.

A CONTRACT for seven miles of four-inch oil pipe has been let to the different lap-weld tube manufacturers throughout the country. The pipe is intended to conduct oil from the Bergen Point refineries to the cars.

MESSRS. MENNELLY & KINNERLY, the Troy, N. Y., bell-founders, have addressed a communication to Mr. Haney Seybert, stating that the result of the new bell for the State House was successful, and that it will be forwarded to Philadelphia soon.

THE total church indebtedness, it is asserted on good authority, in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, is not far from $2,500,000. The desire for showy and costly edifices is what has piled up this large debt, and several churches are now threatened with speedy foreclosure.

THE entire system of telegraph line offices of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, including its various divisions and branches through to Chicago and Cincinnati, was recently transferred from the Western Union to the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company.

THE only business of the Turkish Government seems to be to send soldiers, and yet more soldiers, to the Danubian frontier. Every nerve strained and every farthing lavished to prepare as if for an inevitable contest. Muskets arrive from America by hundreds of thousands and cartridges by millions.

THE island of New Zealand is having its rivers stocked with California salmon. Livingston Stone, United States Fish Commissioner for the Pacific Coast, has lately sent thither a large shipment of salmon eggs, which made the long voyage safely, and are now hatched out and only waiting a little more maturity to be transferred to the rivers.

IT is rumored that when the negotiations pending with N

THE WINDOWS WIFE.

There's not a tint of sober gray,
Nor mingling with thy hair,
That is not well crowned, lady gay,
As some new beauty there.

There's not a line, tho' marked it be,
Upon thy brow impressed,
That makes it not more fair to me
Than when in smoothness dressed.

There's not a hue has left thy cheek,
That I would not recall,
For though of love its glow would speak,
Its paleness tells of thine.

There's not a ray, however bright,
Once worshipped in thine eyes,
Has not become a purer light,
To point to purer skies.

There's not a smile, now sought soe'er
Thy gracious smiles have been,
So prized as in the answering tear,
Its thief hath lashed soon.

Thus time on these loved objects flings,
As substance fades away,
A moral halo from its wings,
To beautify decay.

And thus the rose, in noon-tide bloom,
Adorns the gay parterre,
And fading, yields its sweet perfume,
To scent the evening air

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. M. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXX.—(*Continued.*)

But for the later experience of his life, Charles could not have believed that it was so difficult for a young man to obtain a situation in London. Edina, less hopeful than he, would not have believed it. Charles Raynor had not been brought up to work of any kind, had never done any; and this seemed to be one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of success. Perhaps he looked too much of a gentleman; perhaps his refined manners and tones told against him in the eyes of men of business, testifying that he might prove unfit for work; at any rate, he had not found any one to take him. Another impediment was this; no sooner did a situation fall vacant, than so large a number of applicants made a rush to fill it. Only one of them could be engaged, and it never happened to be Charles. Charles got a sight of the *Times* advertisements in the morning through the friendliness of a news vender near. He would read of a clerk being wanted in some place or another, and away he would go, at the pace of a steam engine, to present himself. But he invariably found other applicants there before him, and as invariably he seemed not to have the slightest chance.

The disappointment was beginning to tell upon him. They were times when he felt almost mad. His conscience had been awake those last many bitter weeks, and the prolonged strain often seemed more than he could bear. Had it been only himself! Ah, then, as it seemed to Charles Raynor, all would have been easy. He could enlist for a soldier; he could hire himself to the laborers' emigration society to go out for a term of years to Australia, or to Canada; he could become a porter at a railway station. These wild thoughts (though perhaps they could not be called wild in his present circumstances) passed through his mind continually; but he had to fling them aside as visionary.

Visionary, because his object was, not to support himself alone, but his family. At least to help to support them. Charles Raynor was sensitive to a degree; and every morsel he was obliged to eat seemed as though it would choke him, because it lessened the portion of those at home. A man cannot wholly starve; but it often seemed to Charles that he really and truly would prefer to starve, and to bear the painful martyrdom of the process, rather than be a burden upon the straits of his mother and Edina; straits to which he had reduced them. Sometimes he came home by way of Frank's and took tea there—and Frank, suspecting the truth of matters, took care to add some substantial dish to the bread-and-butter. But Charles, in his delicacy of feeling, would not do this often; the house, in point of fact, was Mr. Max Brown's, not Frank's.

How utterly subdued in spirit his mother had become, Charles did not like to see and note. She kept about, but there could be no mistake that she was both sick and suffering. Oh, if he could but lift her out of this poverty to a home of ease and plenty! he would save to himself, a whole world of self-reproach at work with him; if this later year or two could be blotted out of time and memory, and they had their modest home again near Bath!

No; it might not be. The events that time brings must endure in, it must remain in the Book of the Recording Angel as facts of the past. The botse at Bath had gone; the one at Eagles' Nest had gone; and here they were, hopeless and prospectless, eating hard fare at Laurel Cottage.

They had left off dining at two now in an evening now he had fared during the day, and what his buck had been. His answer was ever the same; he had had no luck; he had done nothing; and it was given with a pain so evident and so intense, that they refrained in very compassion. On this evening Charles spoke himself of it; spoke to Edina. The children were in bed, Miss Raynor had gone, as usual, to hear them say their prayers, and had not yet come back again.

"I wonder how much longer this is to go on, Edina?"

Edina looked up from her work. "Do you mean your non-success, Charley?"

"As if I could mean anything else!" he rejoined, his tone utterly subdued. "I think of nothing but that, morning, noon, and night."

"It is a long lane that has no turning, Charles. And I don't think patience and prayer venture often go unrewarded in the long run. How did you fare to-day?"

"Just as usual. Never got a single chance at all. Look here, Edina—my boots are beginning to wear out."

A rather ominous pause. Charley was stretching out his right foot.

"You have another pair, you know, Charley. These must be mended."

"But I am thinking of a time when neither pair will mend any longer, Edina. I wonder whether life is worth living for?"

"Charley, we cannot see into the future," spoke Edina, pausing a moment in her work to look at him, a freshly-begun net in her hand. "If we could, we might foresee, even now, how very good and necessary it is as a cross that has come direct from God; bear it as well as you are able; do your best in it and trust Him. Rely upon it that in His own good time, He will lighten it for you. And He will take care of you until it is lightened."

Charles took up the poker; recollected himself, and put it down again. Fires might not be lavishly stirred now, as they had been at Eagles' Nest. Mrs. Raynor had been obliged to make a rule that no one should touch the fire save herself and Edina.

"It is not for myself I am thus impatient to get a place," resumed Charles. "But for the rest of them, I would go to-morrow and enlist. If I could earn only twenty pounds a year to begin with, it would be a help; better than nothing."

Some two or three months back he had said, if I can only get a hundred a year. What lessons of humility does adversity teach!

"Twenty pounds a year would pay the rent," observed Edina. "I never thought it was so hard to get into something. I supposed that when young men wanted employment they had but to seek it. It does seem wrong, does it not, Charley, that an able and willing young fellow should not be able to work when he wishes?"

"My enlisting would relieve you of myself; and the thought, that it would, is of…in in my mind," observed Charles. "On the other hand—"

"On the other hand, you had better not think of it," she interposed firmly. "We should not like to see you in the ranks, Charley. A common soldier is—"

"Hush, Edina! Here comes mother."

But luck was dawning for Charley. Only a small slice of luck, it is true; but what, not so very long ago, he would have scorned and scoffed at. Estimating things by his present hopeless condition, it looked fair enough.

One bleak morning, a day or two after the above conversation, Charles was slowly pacing Fleet Street, wondering where he could go next, what do. A situation, advertised in that morning's paper in flaming colors, had brought him up, post haste. As usual, it turned out a failure; to be successful, the applicant must put down fifty pounds in cash. So, that chance was gone: and there was Charles, uncertain, hungry, miserable.

"Hallos, Raynor! Is it you?"

A young stripling about his own age had run against him. At the first moment Charles did not know him, but recollection flashed on his mind. It was Peter Tanting, a lad who had been a schoolfellow of his in Somersetshire.

"I am going to get my dinner," said Tanting, after a few sentences had passed. "Will you come and take some with me?"

Too thankful for the offer, Charles followed him into the Rainbow. And over the viands they grew confidential. Tanting was in a large printing and publishing establishment close by: his brother Fred was at a solicitor's, nearly out of his articles."

"Fred's ill," observed Peter. "He thinks it must be the fogs of this precious London that affects him; and I think so too. Anyway, he coughs frightfully and has had to stay in for a day or two. I went to his office this morning to say he was in bed with a plaster on his chest, and a fine way they were in at hearing it; wanting him to go whether or not. One of their copying clerks has left; and they can't bear of another all in a hurry.

"I wonder whether I should suit them?" spoke Charles on the spur of the moment, a flush rising to his face and a light to his eyes.

"You?" cried Peter Tanting.

And then Charles, encouraged perhaps by the good cheer, told a little of his history to Tanting, and why he must get a situation of some sort that would bring in its returns. Tanting, an open-hearted, country-bred lad, became all eagerness to help him, and offered to introduce him to the solicitors' firm there and then.

"It is near the Temple; almost close by," said he; "Prestleigh and Preen. A good firm: one of the best in London. Let us go at once."

Charles accompanied him to the place. Had he been aware that this same legal firm counted Mr. George Atkinson among its clients, he might have declined to try to enter it. It was for he Callard and Prestleigh. But old Mr. Callard had died very soon after Frank held the interview with him that was told of; now it was Prestleigh and Preen.

Peter Tanting introduced Charles to the managing clerk, Mr. Stroud. Mr. Stroud, a very tall man wearing silver-rimmed spectacles, with iron grey hair and a crabbed sort of manner, put some questions to Charles, and then told him to sit down and wait. Mr. Prestleigh was in his private room; but it would not do to trouble him with these matters: Mr. Preen was out. Peter Tanting, in his good nature, said all he could in favor of Charles, particularly that "he would be sure to do," and then went away.

Charles sat down on one of the chairs, and passed an hour gazing at the fire and listening to the scratching of pens going on at the desks. People were perpetually passing in and out: the green baize door marshalled to Mr. Prestleigh's room. By-and-by a youngish gentleman—thirty-five, perhaps—came in in a warm, white overcoat; and, from the attention and seriousness suddenly evinced by the clerks generally, Charles rightly guessed him to be Mr. Preen. He passed through the room without speaking, and was followed by the head clerk.

A few minutes more, and Charles was sent to Mr. Preen's room. That gentleman—who had a profusion of light curling hair and a pleasant face and manners—was alone, and standing with his back to the fire before his chair. He asked Charles very much the same questions that Mr. Stroud had asked, and particularly what his recent occupation had been. Charles told the truth: that he had not been brought up to any occupation, but that an unfortunate reverse of family circumstances was obliging him to seek one.

"You have not been in a solicitor's office, then? Not been accustomed to the copying of deeds?" cried Mr. Preen.

Charles confessed he had not. But he took the courage to say he had no doubt he could do any copying required of him, and to beg that he might be tried.

"Is your handwriting a neat one?"

"Yes, it is," said Charles eagerly, for he was speaking only truth. "Neat and good, and very plain."

"You think you could copy quickly and correctly?"

"I am sure I could, sir. I hope you will try me," he added, a curious wail of entreaty in his tone, that perhaps he was himself unconscious of; but which was nevertheless apparent to Mr. Preen. "I have been seeking after something so long, day after day, week after week, that I have nearly lost heart."

Perhaps the last avowal was not the best aid to Charlie's success; or would not have been with most men of business. With Mr. Preen, who was very good-natured, it told rather for than against him. The lawyer mused. They wanted a copying clerk very badly indeed; being two hands short and extremely busy: that the question was, could this young man accomplish the work? A thought struck him.

"Suppose you were to stay now and copy a page this afternoon?" suggested Mr. Preen. "You see, if you cannot do the writing, it would be useless your attempting it: but if you can, we will engage you."

"I shall only be too happy to stay this afternoon, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Preen, ringing his bell for the managing clerk. "And you shall then have an answer."

Charles was put to work by Mr. Stroud: who came and looke dat him there or four times while he was doing the copying. He wrote slowly; the consequence of his superextra care, his intensely earnest wish to succeed; but his writing was good and clear.

"I shall write quickly in a day or two, when I am used to it," he said, looking up; and there was hope in his face as well as his tone.

Mr. Preen chanced to be standing by. The writing would do, he decided; and Mr. Stroud was told to engage him. To begin with, his salary was to be fifteen shillings a week: in a short while—as soon, indeed, as his suiting them was an assured fact—it would be raised to eighteen. He was to enter on the morrow.

"Where do you live?" curtly questioned Mr. Stroud.

"Just beyond Kensington."

"Take care that you are punctual to time. Nine o'clock is the hour for the copying clerks. You are expected to be at work by that time, therefore you must get here before the clock strikes."

A very humble condition, as it seemed to Charles Raynor, in his elation of spirit. A copying clerk in a lawyer's office at fifteen or eighteen shillings a week! Had any one told him a few months he would be capable of accepting so degrading a post—as he would then have deemed it—he had surely said the world must have turned itself upside down first. But he went home with a joyous step and elated heart, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels.

And there, at Laurel Cottage, they held quite a jubilee. Fifteen shillings a week added to the previous narrow income of twenty, seemed at the moment to look very like riches. Charles had formed all kinds of mental resolutions as he walked home; to treat his clothes tenderly lest they should get shabby; scarcely to tread on his boots lest the heels might wear out; and to make his daily dinner on bread and cheese, carried in his pocket from home. Ah, these resolves are good, and more than good; and generous; wholesome information. The fellows are proud to make them in the time of need. But in their inexperience they cannot foresee the long, wearing, depressing struggle that the years must entail, during which the efforts and the privation must be persevered in. And it is well they cannot.

It wanted a quarter to nine in the morning, when Charles entered the office, warm with the speed at which he had walked. He did all that he was put to do, and did it correctly. If Mr. Stroud did not praise, he did not grumble.

When it did at one o'clock that he might go to dinner, Charles made his way to the more sheltered parts in the precincts of the Temple, and surreptitiously eat the bread and cheese that he had brought in his pocket from home. That was eaten long and long before the time had expired when he would be expected to go in; but he did not like to appear earlier, lest some discerning clerk should decide he had not been to dinner at all. It was frightfully dull and dreary here, the bitterly cold wind whistling against him down the passages and round the corners; so he got into the open streets: they, at least, were lively with busy travelers.

"I must go and see Peter Tanting, to tell him of my success and thank him; for it is to him I owe it," thought Charles, as he quitted the office in the evening. "Let me see: I think he was somewhere near Mecklenburgh Square."

Taking out a small note-case, in which the address was noted down, he halted at a street corner while he turned its leaves, and found himself in contact with William Stane. The gas in the streets and shops made it as light as mid-day: no chance had they to perceive and see each other. A bow, exchanged coldly, and each passed on his way.

"I'll not notice him at all, should we meet again," said Charles to himself. And then he remembered that Mr. Preen was saying the same thing. "Now for Doughty Street. I wonder which is the way to it?" deliberated he.

"Does Mr. Tanting live here?" inquired Charles of the young maid-servant when he had found the right house.

"In the parlor there," replied the girl, pointing to the door on her left.

Without further ceremony, she went away, leaving him to introduce himself. A voice, that he supposed was Peter's, bade him come in, and he did so, his back to the door.

But he could not see Peter. A young fellow was stretched on the sofa in front of the fire. Charles rightly judged him to be the brother, Fred Tanting. Young men are not, as a rule, very observant of one another, but Charles was struck with the appearance of the one before him. He was a youngish gentleman—thirty-five, perhaps—came in in a warm, white overcoat; and, from the attention and seriousness suddenly evinced by the clerks generally, Charles rightly guessed him to be Mr. Preen. He passed through the room without speaking, and was followed by the head clerk.

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been in the habit of seeing his brother daily; and therefore his looke had not particularly impressed him. "Does he?"

"Well, it strikes me so. I should say he is ill. Why don't you send for his mother to come up?"

"So I would, if we had a mother to send for," returned Peter. "Our mother died two years ago; and—and father has married again. We have no longer any place in the old Somersetshire homestead, Raynor. Fred and I stand by ourselves in the world."

"And without means?" cried Charles quickly; who had lately begun to refer every evil that the world contained to the lack of money.

"Oh, he allows us something. Just enough to keep us going until we shall be started on our own account. I get a hundred a year from the place I'm at. Fred gains nothing yet. He is not out of his articles."

"Well, I'll come to see him again soon," said Charley, vaulting off. "Good night, Peter."

Was Fred indeed seriously ill? Was it going to be one of those cases, of which there are too many in London: of a poor young fellow just entering on the hopeful threshold of life, dying away from friends, and home, and care? Whether caused by Charles's tone or Charles's words, the shadowy thought, that it might be so, entered for the first time into the mind of Peter.

And Charles never had "things made pleasant for him," at the office, in pursuance of the friendly wish. Had it expressed, the opportunity was not afforded. Exactly twenty days from that evening, he was invited to attend the funeral of Frederick Tanting.

CHAPTER XXXI.
JEALOUSY.

The shabby room was smartened up for the occasion. At least, as much as a poor room that holds cane-seated chairs, and a threadbare carpet not half covering the boards, can be smartened. It was Mrs. Raynor's birthday. Frank Raynor and his wife had gone to wish her many happy returns of it and to take tea; Alice was invited to come; Charles had said he would be home early. But the tea was over, and neither Charles nor Alice had put in an appearance, and the little fete, wanting them, had seemed like a failure to their mother.

Mrs. Raynor is altered: aged, and has always ailing. Disappointment and poor circumstances told on her health as well as her mind. It was not for herself she grieved and suffered, but for her children. For Charles especially. His prospects had been blighted, his standing in the world utterly changed. Edina had her hands full, for Mrs. Raynor would help but very little now. What Mrs. Raynor chiefly did was to gather the young ones around her, and talk to them in her gentle voice of resignation to God's will, of patience, of that better world that they were traveling on to; where there shall be neither sickness nor sorrow, neither mortification nor suffering. The children needed such lessons; it seemed very hard to them that they should sometimes have to eat dry bread for dinner, or baked potatoes without butter. Even with all Edina's economy and with Charles' earnings, meat could not always be had; the joint must be carved sparingly, and made to last the best part of the week. They generally had a joint on Sunday: that was as much as could be said. Clothes cost so much, and Charles, at least, had to be well dressed. As the experienced housewife knows, there are many items in a family's expenditures besides eating and drinking; and this applies especially to fallen gentlepeople, whose habits have been formed and who must still in a degree keep up appearances.

If the Raynors had needed discipline, as some of the standers-by at Eagles' Nest had opined, they were certainly enjoying it in a very marked degree. Twelve months had slipped by since they took up their abode at Laurel Cottage, and there had been no change. The days and the weeks had drifted on, one day, one week after another, in the same routine of thrift, and struggle, and privation. Charles was at Prestleigh and Preen's, busy from morning to evening, and bringing home a sovereign a week as wages; Alice was teaching still in the school at Richmond. Alfred went to a day school. He had sought out a lawyer with its principal, and by dint of some magic of her own, when she told him confidentially of their misfortunes, had got him to admit the lad at almost a nominal fee. It was a weary life for them altogether no doubt, requiring constant patience and resignation; but, as Edina would cheerfully tell them, it might have been worse, and they had many things to be thankful for even yet.

October was passing, and the falling leaves strewed the ground. The afternoon was not sunny, but warm and dull; so sultry, in fact, as to suggest the idea of tempest in the air. In the patch of square garden at the back of the house they had gathered: Frank, his wife, Edina, Mrs. Raynor and the children; some of them stood about, looking at the bed of herbs Edina's care had planted. Mrs. Raynor was sitting on the narrow bench underneath the high window. For this garden had to be descended to by several steps; and as you stood in it the back parlor (Mrs. Raynor's best room) looked perched up aloft.

"Herbs are so useful," remarked Edina, in answer to their praise of the bed. "When a stew is going on, a few herbs will often give a flavor to it. Do you remember, Frank?—poor pass liked thyme in the Irish stews."

"And very good the Irish stews used to be," said Frank. "Eve calls them ragouts. I often tell her they are not as tasty as those I had at Trennach. Remember, Daisy, it is Harry's turn to-day."

Daisy, playing with little Robert, turned round with dancing eyes. She was as pretty as ever, in spite of the distasteful existence in London. She had never professed herself for this occasion in one of her old grand silks.

"I'll try and remember, Frank," she said with a laugh. "I hope I may not forget instead. Whatever did you plant this great bush of rue for, Edina?"

"That bush is the landlady's: it was here when we came," replied Edina. "Mrs. Fox hangs some of it at the foot of her bed, to keep the insects off."

When Mr. Max Brown departed for the West Indies, he had thought the very utmost extent of his term of absence would be less than six months. But nearly three sixes had elapsed, and he had not returned. Apparently he liked the life there; apparently he was quite satisfied with Frank's management of his practice at home. In writing to Frank, he put the delay down to his mother. She was dying, but very slowly: that is, her complaint was one for which there is no cure, and she wanted to keep him with her to the end. Thus Max wrote, and it was the only plea of excuse he gave for his prolonged stay. Frank could not help thinking there was some mystery about it; but he was quite content to remain at his post. It was very rare indeed that he could get an hour or two's recreation, such as this. The practice was an exacting one, and he had no assistant.

"That's the postman's knock!" cried out Kate.

The postman was not a frequent visitor at Laurel Cottage. When he did bring a letter, it was always for the Raynors; Mrs. Fox never had one at all, and never seemed to expect one. Kate ran to the door, and brought back the letter. It proved to be from Alice, stating why she was not able to come.

"Daisy, my darling, you must put your bonnet on," whispered Frank. "I want to get home before dark; I have been away now longer than I care to be."

"I should let the practice go to York for one evening," cried Alfred, who chanced to overhear the words.

"No doubt you would," laughed Frank.

"Well, Frank, I'm sure you seem to set that precious practice up above everything. One would think it was an idol, with a golden body and diamond wings."

"And so I ought to set it above everything, Master Alfred. A steward must do his duty."

Daisy went indoors unnoticed. She was feeling tired, wanted to be at home herself, and began settling on her bonnet before the glass at the window of the crowded back room. Two beds were in the chamber, besides other furniture, in one of which slept Mrs. Raynor and Kate, in the small one Edina. What a change it all was for them! Suddenly, while Daisy's attention was still given to her bonnet, certain words, spoken by Edina, broke upon her ear. She and Frank had sat down on the bench below the window, and were talking of Trennach. Mrs. Raynor and the children were at the end of the garden, bending together over the untidy path, as if seeking to determine what kind of coarse gravel it might be composed of.

"Do you ever hear anything of Mrs. Bell, Frank?"

"I saw her to-day," was Frank's unexpected answer. "Saw her yesterday as well."

"Where did you see her? Is she in London?" quickly repeated Edina.

"They have come to live in London. She and Rosaline."

"What has caused them to do that?" continued Edina, quite sharply, as if she did not altogether approve of the information. Daisy's fingers, tying her bonnet strings, could not have dropped more suddenly had they been seized with paralysis.

"I'm sure I don't know. They have come into money, through the death of some relative at Falmouth, and thought, I believe, they would like to live in London. Poor Mrs. Bell is very much what she used to be; the complaint, feared for her, is making progress—and must make it until the end. I am attending her."

"They live near you, then?"

"Close by."

There ensued a short silence. Edina was probably busy with thought. She spoke again.

"Rosaline as pretty as ever?"

"Not quite so pretty, perhaps; more beautiful."

"Ah, well—I would not go there too much, Frank; illness, or no illness," cried Edina.

She spoke in a dreamy tone, as if her reflections were back in the past. In her heart she believed he must have cared more or less for Rosaline. Frank laughed slightly in answer; a laugh that had some constraint in its tone. His thoughts also had gone back to that fatal night at Trennach.

A sudden shout in Alfred's voice from the group in the garden. "Here it is! here it is, mamma!" Mrs. Raynor's thin gold ring had slipped off her slender finger, and they had been searching for it in the twilight.

Daisy seemed to see and hear no more until some of them came running into the bedroom, saying that Frank was waiting for. She went out, said good night in a mechanical sort of manner, and they started, arm-in-arm, for home. The old jealousy she had once felt of Rosaline Bell had sprung up again now with tenfold force.

What a strange passion it is, this jealousy! None other, that the world knows of, is so entirely unreasonable. Let it once take possession of the heart of man and it fools him to the top of its bent. Light appears dark, and dark light; shadows, that have no substance, become rocks of substance, hard as adamant.

A short distance from the cottage, they met Charles. He was walking along at a leisurely pace, and greeted them in a commotion of anger.

"It was an awful shame! Just because I wanted to get home an hour earlier than usual, I'm kept an hour later. The office is full of work, and some of us had to stay behind and do it."

"Never mind, Charley," said Frank, with his genial smile. "Better luck next time."

"Yes, it's all very well to say next time; that will be next year, I suppose. You hardly ever come to us, you know, Frank."

"I come when I can. You must come to us instead. Spend next Sunday with us, Charley. I can't stay talking now."

"All right," said Charley, vaulting off. "Good night to you both." And neither of them had noticed that Daisy had not spoken.

Daisy was tormenting herself in a most unnecessary manner. Rosaline Bell in London! Living near to them; close to them, he had said. He had seen her to-day, and yesterday as well; no doubt he saw her every day. No doubt he loved her, that Rosaline—and had thrown off all affection for herself, his wife. What a frightful thing it was!—and how far had it gone?—and what would it end in.

After the most ordinary fashion of a jealous woman, did Mrs. Frank Raynor reason; believing her fancies to be all as true as gospel. Had some angelic messenger essayed to set her right, it would have availed naught in her present frame of mind. Jealousy is as much a disease as intermittent fever: it may have its lighter intervals, but it must run its course.

"Daisy, I think we shall have a storm!" cried Frank. "How still and hot the air is!—and look at that great black cloud coming up! We must put our best feet forwmost."

Daisy silently acquiesced. And the pace they went at prevented much attempt at talking. So that she had no opportunity of noticing that she had suddenly lost her tongue.

The storm burst forth when they were within a few doors of their own home. Lightning, thunder, a heavy down-pour of rain. As they turned into the surgery, where Sam stood underneath the gas-light, his arms flat on the counter, his heels kicking about underneath it, Frank caught up a note that was lying there, addressed to him.

"Who brought this note?" asked Frank as he read it.

"It was a young lady," replied Sam. "When I told her you were not at home, she asked me for a sheet o' paper and pen and ink, and writ that, and said it were to be gave to you as soon as you came in. And, please sir, they have been round twice from Tripp's to say the baby's worse."

Frank Raynor went out again at once, in spite of the storm. His wife, who had heard what passed, turned into the parlor, her brain hard at work.

"I wonder how long this has been going on!—how long she has been coming here?" detested Mrs. Frank, her cold fingers twisting with agitation, her hot head throbbing. "She wrote that note—bare-faced thing! When she found she could not see him, she wrote it, and left it for him; and he is gone out to see her!"

Jealousy in its way is as exciting as wine; acting very much in the same manner on any patient who is suitably primed for it. Mrs. Frank's blood was surging in her veins; her thoughts were taking a wild turn; her shaking fingers could hardly throw back a bonnet. In point of fact, the note concerned a worthy pork butcher, who feared he was sickening for some complaint; and "the young lady," Rosaline's daughter, had written it, in preference to leaving a message, begging for Mr. Raynor's speedy attendance.

"Have you had your supper, Sam?" asked Mrs. Frank, from the intervening door.

"No, ma'am."

"Then go and get it."

Sam passed her on his way to the kitchen. She stepped behind the counter, opened the day-book, and began searching for Dame Bell's address. The street door was usually kept closed now, not open as it used to be; and Daisy went to it on tip-toe and slipped the bolt. There was nobody to hear her had she stepped ever so heavily; but we are all apt to think that secret transactions require silent movements. Taking up her place behind the counter, she turned the leaves of the book again. But, turn and look as she would, she could not see the address sought for. It is true she was looking in a desperate hurry, standing metaphorically upon spikes and ploughshares. What if Frank were to return suddenly? Or Sam from his supper?

"No, the address is not there!—shutting the book, and pushing back the pretty hair from her beating temples. "He is too cautious to have entered it. Other patients' names are there, but Dame Bell's is not. The affair is underhand altogether; clandestine from beginning to end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The man who shows that he is vain of having done us a favor pays himself and saves us the trouble.

When a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and sits down in a cold and selfish world, he should do well to ask himself this question: What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with kind and generosity? It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

The future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, full of sweet flowers, singing birds, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still.

Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may command admiration, judgment may command respect, and knowledge attention; beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect—it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Apples For Market.—If an apple orchard is in prospect, choose very few early varieties, as such are rarely in demand, save in small lots, but let these be showy, of unexceptionable quality, and very productive. When early apples are in market in connection with the more luscious fruits, such as pears, peaches and plums, they stand little chance and as they mature at a season when their development is unusually interesting one may see at a glance how few of such varieties are actually needed for any purpose. The Autumn apples are much better in this respect; the Winter varieties must be the dependence for the main paying crop.

Milk Cows.—Cows that are to come in early should be dried off in good time. It is not economy to let cows suckle their calves; pints may be drained from them. The drain on the system in nourishing the calf is enough for the cow to bear. If the cow is a good milker, care must be exercised in feeding, lest in the new flush of milk garget may occur. To avoid this, feed low; give no corn meal whatever, and it is safest to use nothing but hay and some roots. There need be no apprehension if a large heavy udder is not blown before calving. If it is, the first drawing of the milk may easily be encouraged when the calf is a week old, and all danger of inflammation is passed. Every farmer cannot have his cows calve in winter, but those from their cows that others do, and have their dairy work come in winter, will find it a profitable one to be done—a matter for smart farmers to think over.

Foot Rot in Sheep.—S. W. Jewett, one of the most experienced sheep-raisers of Vermont, says: "By prompt attention the disease can be manfully kept under, by paring the hoofs and applying a solution of vitrol water to the feet, once or twice a week, and removing the sound from the lame ones into dry fields (as directed previously. The vitrol wash should be applied while warm, and the most effectual mode would be to dip the sheep's feet in the liquid. It is more easily cured during the cold winter months. Freezing weather destroys the inoculating properties, when dropped upon the ground. But during the warm months indeed, must remain a long time in the sheep-walks and not lose its vaccinating power. Thus, repeated dressing applications well applied will cure any infected flock in a few weeks. I have used these remedies in this manner, usually placing the sheep in a box, on its back, about twenty inches above the ground, to which I have given a slight tilt the work. This foul disease and the scab, were imported into the United States from Germany, at first. The Saxon merinos were imprepared before landing on our shores. There is no estimating the damage it has entailed upon the flocks in this continent.

Cheap Fodder.—Francis Morris, Esq., of Westchester, N. Y., has published as a method of preparing and preserving corn fodder, that has for the past two years been growing in favor in the south of France. He relates his experiment and the result as follows:

"About the first of last August I planted five acres of ordinary wheat land in Indian corn, and I cut it up and put it in shock the first of October, when it was in tassel. I then had it cut and fed to my cattle, passing it through the ordinary process of chopping, using for that purpose the ordinary feed-cutter. The fodder thus produced was put away with straw in the proportion of four-fifths corn fodder to one-fifth straw, in the barn, placed in trenches, trampled down and covered with earth. The trenches were opened until last Christmas day, when the trenches were opened and the fodder taken out and fed to the cattle. The fodder was found to be in as perfect a state of preservation as when it was first put in, and now prefer it to any other kind of feed.

"The cost of producing this fodder was only about $1 a ton, which is only one-twentieth as much as the cost of timothy hay, which is not equal so if it's any respect. If the land is planted early in the spring, 20 or 30 tons can be raised to the acre.

The advantages of this method Mr. Morris states, is best shown by a comparison between the cost of production of this fodder and the cost of timothy hay:

Ploughing, 5 acres, cost	$100
Team and plow for 30 days,	60
Man to tend the team	15
Cutting	15
Hauling and preserving	20
Total cost,	$200

"A fair estimate of the crop of those ten acres would be 200 tons. Five hundred tons of timothy hay would cost $10,000, and as the loss of cheaper fodder will answer the same purposes as the timothy hay, it is really seen that every community can thus raise its own meat at about half the cost to import it.

HILDA'S WISH.

A FAIRY STORY.

BY LOELE.

Many years ago there lived a little girl named Hilda.

I regret to say she was rather a bad girl, and one day when she had been told to mind the baby, while her mother went to the neighboring town, she left it, and ran off to the woods.

She ran about till it was almost dark and then sat down on a log to rest, before starting for home.

She had hardly seated herself when she heard a queer little cry and saw a small figure running toward her, closely pursued by a large fieldmouse.

Hilda was kindhearted, if she didn't always mind her mother; and besides she didn't like mice, so she called out: "See here, old chap, you'll have to look somewhere else for your supper," and with that she caught up the little figure and threw a lump of mud at the fieldmouse, which made it scuttle off to its hole in a hurry. Then she looked at the little creature in her hand and saw that it was a little man not more than two inches high.

He was dressed in a suit of silver gray, with a cap of brilliant crimson from which floated a long white plume, a crimson scarf was tied around his waist and altogether he looked as if he had been gotten up with extra care for some event; so, in fact, he had, for after thanking Hilda for saving him, he said:

"My name is Cleone and I had been to see my lady-love the beautiful Iole, and in her delightful company, I forgot how fast the time was flying. You must know that it is one of the rules of Fairy land, that no fairy shall be out alone after sunset, and the sun almost disappeared when I left my Iole; I ran as fast as I could, but the sun had set before I was half way home, and suddenly that mouse, that horrible, monstrous mouse, saw me and ran after me, and but for you, he would be eating my supper, and my lovely Iole would be left mourning her lover. And now," he continued, "as I cannot stay in the forest all night, if you will hide me till morning I will give you the first thing you wish for."

Hilda was rejoiced at this prospect, and really promised what he desired. After hiding the little Cleone in a place of safety, she hurried home, subduing all the time of the fine things she would wish for. "Let me see," said she, "I think I will wish for a splendid large Doll, or some beautiful dresses, like Madeline's, only much handsomer, for she laughs at mine, and I *should* like to pay her back. Oh dear! the fairy only promised me one wish, and I want so many things." Being unable to decide what she wanted most, Hilda fell into quite a bad humor, by the time she reached home.

But that was quickly changed to alarm, for her mother came running out to meet her, asking where she had left the baby, and almost fainted when she found that Hilda had left the baby alone all day; for now he was gone, they knew not where.

The neighbors were aroused and started with lanterns to hunt for the missing baby.

They searched a long time and could find no trace of him. By this time, you may be sure, Hilda had forgotten all about Cleone and his promise, and could think of nothing but the little brother, whom she had neglected.

Finally the poor mother became so worn out and distracted, with grief and anxiety, that she had to go home. But Hilda would not give up the search, although she now began to think that a wolf or panther had carried off the child.

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Somebody who knows, says it is very hard to grow old gracefully; and it is truth; but especially is it hard when a woman has been a beauty and a belle.

For, argue as we may against the vanities of the world, and estimate it as we may, that beauty is only skin deep, and of no real value—we know that it is worth ten times as much by way of capital than all the virtues and good sense.

And whenever you hear anybody say that beauty is of no account, and pretty faces a snare, just you set it down—that person is growing old!

MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered by Solvero about 1846. It is made of nitric acid one part, and sulphuric acid two parts well-mixed, to which is added ordinary glycerine, and the mixture is afterward well-washed with pure water.

Being a liquid, nitro-glycerine cannot be used for many purposes to which gunpowder is applied, especially in warfare.

In 1863, Nobel, of Sweden, found that it required a conclusion, or suddenly applied force, to explode it, and from this he proceeded to place the nitro-glycerine in a vessel or bore-hole for blasting, and explode it *near it* a large percussion cap or a charge of gunpowder, or other explosive substance.

Some ten years ago, in 1866, Col. Shaffner discovered that for general purposes of blasting the nitro-glycerine was too much concentrated in the bore-hole of the rock, and in order to spread it throughout the little hole he had to use a fine sand: the finer the sand the greater would be the absorption. After this, Nobel found that when nitro-glycerine was thus mixed it could be safely transported, and that the finest silicious matter that could be found would be the most advantageous. With this view he selected the earth known as infusorial earth, large quantities in Holland. This infusoria is composed of small microscopic silicious shells, which have lost their living creatures in the unknown ages of the past. The earth receive and drink nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and outside. This earth is very light. The water is expelled from it by a furnace, and then, in the form of powder, it is mixed with the nitro-glycerine, twenty-five parts of the former and seventy-five parts of the latter, by weight. This compound is known in Europe as dynamite, and in America it is called giant-powder.

Since the success, as to safety, in the transportation and use of the above compound, various substitutes have been introduced by rivals in that class of explosives. Among them may be mentioned rend-rock powder, being a mixture of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder pulverized; dualin, a mixture of nitrated fibre, or gun-cotton, with nitro-glycerine; Hercules powder, a mixture of chalk with nitro-glycerin. Besides these there are many others that have been introduced for blasting purposes, but they all follow the formula of the giant powder mixture.

The explosive power of giant powder is about the same as gun-cotton, weight for weight, but cube for cube the former far excels the latter, and is more generally used for the blasting of rock. It has done wonders in advancing the excavation of tunnels and heavy rock cuts on railways, and has economized that class of work at least 100 per cent. over the old style of blasting with gunpowder.

The success of dynamite, or giant powder, has caused many adventurers to make up explosive compounds and, in some extent, these supposed improvements have been more or less disastrous, and destructive to life and property. Giant powder cannot be exploded by ordinary handling, and if a carload was precipitated down a hill a thousand feet it would not explode. If you set fire to the carload it would burn freely, but would not explode. If you explode a large percussion cap in the midst of the giant powder there will be an explosion of the powder. The infusoria serves as a cushion to whatever force may be applied to it, and thus a sharp or close impingement of great power must be made, or an explosion cannot be effected. The nitro-glycerine does not leak or evaporate from this silicious earth, and this circumstance further adds to the safety of the compound.

Gunpowder and gun-cotton will explode by a spark, but giant powder will not in that manner. There must be a powerful explosive force applied to it, and hence it is far less dangerous as an article to handle or transport than any other explosive. Thousands, the author of the Bremerhaven calamity, knew the safety of dynamite, and hence he had arranged his clockwork to let fall a hammer with the force of thirty pounds upon a percussion cap in the midst of the powder, to effect its explosion. The jar or fall of the cask let go the hammer, and hence the premature result.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD GREENBACKS?

About two years ago it was customary to destroy the immense amount of mutilated and dirty paper currency, which was redeemed in new bills by the Treasury Department in Washington, by burning it. This plan is now superseded by a much more effective and economical operation. A new sub-department has been added to the Treasury, called the Macerating Department, and here the literally filthy lucre is made into pulp, ready to be transformed into clean fresh paper.

In the first place, the fractional currency is subjected to a most rigid scrutiny, and counted for the purpose of detecting counterfeits, and then it is turned over to men who, with a machine, cancel each note so effectually that by no possibility could it be used again; another count is then gone through with for the purpose of checking the operators of the machine, and preventing them from appropriating any of the condemned money. After the cancelling, the money is next cut in half and once more the separate halves are counted, and when ascertained to be all right are placed in boxes for the purpose of removing them to the macerating building before alluded to. These boxes are securely locked while in transit from the Treasury to the macerating establishment, where they are opened in the presence of three representatives of the Treasury, one acting in behalf of the Secretary, another for the Treasurer, and the last for the Register, and each batch is usually accompanied by a quantity of bonds. From the boxes the bonds, which are cut and canceled thoroughly, and the fractional currency are emptied in the macerating cylinder, which is also locked with three separate locks, the keys of which are held respectively by the officers named above. The process of macerating is very simple. The macerating cylinder is revolved by a sixty horse power engine, and at the same time jets of steam are injected into it, which speedily soften the mass of paper. The moistened paper by its own gravity keeps dropping, and is reduced to a pulp by the sharp ridges which form the inside of the cylinder, and after being subjected to this treatment for about thirty-six hours, the cylinder is unlocked by the three officials and the pulp is then allowed to fall on an elevator, which passes it to a large tub, where it is thoroughly cleansed, and all fatty matter removed by the agency of quicklime and soda.

The washing of the pulp completes the process, and it is finally dumped in a heap to lie until purchased. Recently about $4,500,000 worth of fractional currency was placed in the macerator. This was an unusually large batch, the average "burnings," as the macerations are called, being much less. There is now an immense quantity of the pulp on hand, probably more than a hundred tons. This will be sold to paper manufacturers. The rate usually paid for the pulp is in the vicinity of $5 per ton, and the principal purchaser manufactures from it a very nice article of paper. An approximate estimate of the quantity of pulp annually made out of the fractional currency or bonds at this establishment is 600 tons. The process reveals fraulting from the sale of this may be counted as a net gain over the old method, as the burning of the money or bonds required the expenditure of a much larger fuel, and consumed a great deal more coal.

The National Bank notes are converted into pulp by the centrifugal process inside the Treasury building, the method adopted being almost in every respect similar to that pursued with the fractional currency and bonds, as described above. The improvement on the burning plan is too obvious to need extended mention. Extraordinary precautions were required to keep the destroyed money from flying out of the furnace chimney, and the odor of the burned money was an intolerable nuisance, and was very injurious to the health of those residing in the neighborhood of the establishment where it was carried on. This last reason would have been a sufficient one for changing the method, if the additional one of making an absolute saving to the Government did not suggest itself.

HAPPINESS is the perpetual possession of being well deceived, for it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is, at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature can be at the expense to furnish.

IT is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us! We might explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

HAVE the courage to cut the most agreeable aquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle; a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

HERE AND THERE.

WILL the Czar sit down on the Ottoman?

SUITABLE dower for a widow—Widower.

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WHEN a woman blushes and weeps can she be said to raise a fuss and cry?

WHEN should you apply a sovereign remedy to your tooth?—When it is a-king.

"JOHN, you said Sally kissed you, did you kiss her back?" "No, I kissed the face."

An exchange remarks that the matrimonial fever has broken out again. Oh, yes, the tie-fuss.

A FASHIONABLE London preacher recently said: "St. Paul remarks, and I partially agree with him——"

BARNES are much worn on Sundays, especially window shutes, by ladies who would people going to church.

JONES was advised to get his life insured. "What's do it," said he: "it would be no use to live forever, if I should."

MRS. PARTINGTON concurs in Bishop Whipple's pacific howard the Indians. She says she'd drive them right into it and drown 'em all.

UNCLE SAM is monarch of millions of unsurveyed acres, and is that much better off than Alexander Selkirk, who was only monarch of what he surveyed.

THERE are sixty or seventy thousand unaccompanied women in Massachusetts and sometimes think that the crimes of their lives was in not dying when they were babies.

JUDGE HOAR once said to a lawyer: "He has reached the unpartial use of life; at first he sought to get on, and then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

OF all the heart-rending sights to be seen on the streets of this most cosmopolitan city, the saddest is to gaze upon an old bachelor looking into the windows of a corset manufactory.

WHAT is a worsted chair tidy for, if not to cover it under a hood to keep the baby from think that he has ruined something that the mistress of the house values at a million dollars?

A WESTERN editor met a well educated farmer recently, and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him $3.75 for it.

STABLE-KEEPER—Buy the way, shall I put in an extra buffalo? English blood—Donkin's got lots of 'em; you'll want a good deal of 'em before next Christmas, I'm afraid.

HAVE you any nice fresh farmer's eggs?" inquired a precise old lady at a Main street grocery store yesterday. "No, ma'am," replied the practical clerk, "but we have some very good hen's eggs." She took three to try.

THACKERAY, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at dinner in St. Louis one day he heard one waiter say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" "Blessed if I know." was the reply.

CORNELL WIT—Freshman, (talking rhetoric to Senior who prides himself on his literary proficiency)—Senior, I'd like to make a quotation from one of your essays. Senior (delighted)—Which one do you want? Freshman (with a twinkle in his eyes)—Oh, any one will do. The Professor wants us to give an example of lack of unity.

MANY years ago in Scotland illicit distillation was a practice consequent upon the national love of potent beverages. It was immediately prevalent. The idle Highlander planted his still in the remote glen of the mountain country, and prepared his whiskey by the light of the moon. He was an incorrigible offender. An Argyleshire Highlander was reproved by his minister for engaging in this illegal traffic. "Ye manna ask me," said the smuggler, "to give up the trade that supports the family. My father, an' his father afore him, made a draggle. The trade is guide—far better for a bottle than the coorse big-still whisky. Besides, I pairfit mine weesh, an' I'm no distrustful, only it crain a year. Single or new subscribers, \$4. HARRY HANFT & CO., 119 Nassau street, New York.

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